EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

Chou En-lai Talks to the West

by Sam A. Jaffe

THE Nation

May 7, 1955
20c

WALTER MILLIS

Louisville's Braden Case

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EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

The Profit in Atoms *Gene Marine*

Decline of the Moderns *Maxwell Geismar*

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TODAY'S QUESTION: WOULD A DEPRESSION HELP THE LEFT RATHER THAN THE RIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES?

Affirmative

I BELIEVE that a depression, especially if it came with dramatic suddenness, would help the left rather than the right. It is generally accepted that the average man begins to think only after he becomes hungry, and that when a hungry man begins to think he turns to the left. He knows that to satisfy his hunger he must have work and that the economic activity which can provide work for him largely depends on government policies. He therefore wants to see a government in power which will make the welfare of the workers its paramount objective.

It may be argued that a movement to the left is not started by thinking men but by primitive men guided by their emotions. In any case, if the need is desperate, workers will analyze the situation and seek a cure. And their first step will be to try to gain control of the local, state, or national government.

If it is asked why this presumed depression must come with dramatic suddenness to afford maximum acceleration to the left, the answer is that a gradual downward trend would warn the rightist government now in power of the coming shift. Fascist-minded officials would then impose such iron-clad repressions that no revolt by the masses could be successful. But if a stock-market crash of the swiftness and violence of October, 1929, should occur, followed by the closing of thousands of factories and the letting out of millions of workers almost immediately, the ensuing psychological climate might induce the authorities to give serious consideration to a socialistic form of government in the United States.

This places the liberals in a fearful dilemma. Must we look for, even hope for, a depression, with its incalculable misery, if we want a more enlightened and humane government? The answer is that we must continue to seek some other way of changing the government. Moreover, while no sane person wishes to experience a depression, it may reasonably be argued that it is the lesser of two evils.

But let us remember that history moves in cycles. We enjoyed more than two decades of enlightened government in this country during the New and the Fair Deal. We can confidently expect to see again the reign of justice and mercy.

S. H. REESOR

Negative

EXCEPT in the sense that amputation of a finger solves the problem presented by a hangnail, a depression would not help the left in this country. On balance the right would be the gainer.

Economists, government officials, and others frequently assert that another depression could never be so calamitous as that of the thirties. Thanks to the experience of the New Deal and the advances of economic theory, we have acquired "built-in stabilizers"—compensatory fiscal policy, credit controls, a more sophisticated monetary policy, and sundry other tools guaranteed by the optimists to keep recessions and "healthy readjustments" from precipitating disastrous depressions.

The first effect of a major depression, therefore, would be to puncture any complacency engendered by these devices. It would soon convince us that our economic system is still in the grip of forces beyond our control. Growing loss of confidence in the stability of the system, plus poverty and unemployment, would usher in the following probable sequence of events.

1. The reigning McCarthyite would no doubt step forward with the charge that Communist influences at work in the government and elsewhere had brought about economic chaos by undermining confidence, wrecking the stock market, teaching subversive economics in our universities, and so on.

2. As job competition increased, racial and religious discrimination would be intensified, and there would be a frantic search for scapegoats. Anti-Semitism and race riots would raise their ugly heads.

3. An all-out assault on organized labor could be expected, for many would ascribe the crisis to inordinate wage demands. The record shows that such an assault might be successful.

4. As conditions worsened and the search for panaceas became more frantic, an enlarged right under the leadership of a Huey Long or a Joe McCarthy would have a good chance of acquiring political control. It is true that elsewhere Communist parties have been the gainers under similar circumstances, but the recent political history of the United States suggests a different outcome here.

In summary, the fear, unemployment, and economic bankruptcy created by a major depression would create a socio-political vacuum in which the right would see its opportunity.

PHILIP A. KLEIN

The next question proposed for debate in Forum for Liberals will be Must we look to the conservatives for leadership in meeting the civil-liberties crisis? Contributions must not exceed 600 words, must be typewritten, and must take the affirmative or negative. We will pay $20 for each accepted contribution. Address manuscripts to Forum Editor, The Nation, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14. A rejected contribution will not be returned unless a self-addressed stamped envelope is inclosed.—

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EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Chou En-lai Talks to the West

[This exclusive interview with Chou En-lai—the first granted to a foreign journalist by the Premier of the People's Republic of China since the Chinese Revolution—was obtained by The Nation's special correspondent, who was assigned to cover the Bandung conference. Mr. Jaffe, formerly on the foreign staff of Time-Life magazines, has spent several years in the Far East. From Bandung he is going on a tour of the Orient which will include Japan, several countries in Southeast Asia, and possibly the mainland of China. His dispatches will appear in coming issues.—EDITORS THE NATION]

By Sam A. Jaffe

Bandung, April 25

RED CHINA'S Premier Chou En-lai spoke to me tonight for ten minutes answering questions put through an interpreter.

Question: Why did the Premier insert the statement regarding his government's determination to liberate Taiwan (Formosa) in his closing speech at the Afro-Asian Conference?

Answer: The liberation of Taiwan is China's internal affair. The Chinese people have the right to make the demand and to put it into effect. As to the tension in the Taiwan area, it has been caused by the United States intervention. This is an international question. In order to relax the tension in the Taiwan area China proposes that China and the United States sit down and enter into negotiations in order to seek a solution to this question.

Question: Would the People's Republic of China be willing to sit down with the United States government as well as the Nationalists to discuss the Taiwan question?

Answer: These are two entirely different matters. The relations between China and the United States constitute an international question. The relations between the People's Republic of China and Chiang Kai-shek are a question of internal affairs. These two matters should not be mixed.

Question: Does the Premier think the present situation in the Taiwan area dangerous enough to cause a third world war?

Answer: In the present situation in the Taiwan area there does exist the crisis of a new international war. However, whether the present situation will lead to a world war depends on the United States, because there is no war at present between China and the United States. As to the desire of the Chinese people, it has been stated in the statement issued on April 23. [On April 23, in the course of the Bandung conference, Premier Chou En-lai issued the following statement to the press: "The Chinese people are friendly to the American people. The Chinese people do not want to have a war with the United States of America. The Chinese government is willing to sit down and enter into negotiations with the United States government to discuss the question of relaxing tension in the Taiwan area."—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Premier Chou En-lai

THE background of my interview was as follows:

At two minutes past ten p. m. on April 25 I drove in a pouring rain to Chou En-lai's villa for the interview. As my car entered the heavily guarded driveway, a Chinese security officer asked how many were in it and then motioned the car toward the house. I was ushered into the drawing-room and asked to take a seat on a sofa by Chou Chang-pu, known as "Mr. Pu" (pronounced Poo), personal secretary and interpreter to Chou En-lai. I was told that I would be given only ten minutes to ask questions. As I sat down, Chou En-lai entered, dressed in a light-blue business suit, white shirt, blue tie, and brown shoes. Accompanying him was Mr. Kang Mao-chao, who was acting as press aide to the Chinese delegation during the conference. Kang is attached to the Chinese embassy at New Delhi as cultural consul. On Chou En-lai's right sat Mr. Pu; I sat to his left. Chinese green tea and cigarettes were served during the interview.

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The first question I put had to do with the condition of the American fliers and whether they would soon be released. Chou En-lai replied, "No comment," offering me an off-the-record statement. As the interview started, I was told for the second time that it would last only ten minutes. During the talk Chou En-lai kept looking at his watch. The interview ended exactly within the time allotted. During it the Premier's attitude remained pleasant, but he seemed quite anxious to finish. On several occasions he spoke English; several times he corrected himself as he answered.

THE room in which we sat had a large picture of Mao Tse-tung on the wall, also two Chinese paintings. A Chinese servant and members of the delegation kept running in and out. Chou En-lai stayed a few minutes beyond the end of our talk to make sure I had his answers correctly. Finally he stood up, shook hands with me, and departed behind drawn curtains. I remained in the drawing-room with Messrs. Pu and Kang until 11:10 p. m. typing out all the questions and answers; these they read and checked. I left them a copy. I was told that this was the first time Chou En-lai had given an interview to a foreign journalist since the Chinese revolution. I was asked to play the interview "straight," since the future of journalistic relations between China and other countries depended on my story. Before I left, Mr. Pu, a graduate of Harvard University, asked me whether Freda Kirchwey was still editor of *The Nation*.

I had tried unsuccessfully several times since the beginning of the Bandung conference to obtain this interview. On the last day of the sessions Mr. Pu asked me to submit a list of questions. When I arrived at Chou En-lai's house to get the answers, I was told that the Premier had not yet had time to read my queries. It was suggested that I revise the list to include only the questions I felt were the most important, since the interview would be brief. During the week Conference Room 114, which has become famous among correspondents here, had been flooded with unsuccessful requests to interview Chou En-lai and with lists of questions for him to answer.

I had been informed that Chou En-lai would see me at eight that evening. When I drove on schedule to the Premier's villa, however, I was turned back by Indonesian police and by Chinese standing near the gate. Despite several telephone calls I made verifying my appointment, I could not get in. The Chinese said they knew nothing of my appointment and that Mr. Pu, the man I had been told to see, was not at the villa.

I finally went back to my hotel room and attempted one last call. This time I reached Mr. Pu directly, who told me that there had been some mistake and that I should come to the villa immediately. This time I had no trouble entering. Pu later told me he knew that I had been at the villa several times but that the Premier had had visitors at the time.

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The Shape of Things

Tooling Up for Truce

There is only one reason Peking and Moscow gained the initiative on the peace front this past week; the Administration handed it to them—first when the State Department, with Mr. Dulles off vacationing on Lake Ontario, apparently turned down Chou En-lai's offer to negotiate to ease tensions in the Formosa area, and second when it continued to act alarmed rather than pleased over Russia's agreement to sign a peace treaty with Austria. Both could have been welcomed as a success for Western policies, and used to convince doubting nations that Washington really wants peace and is not afraid to discuss it with the Communist powers. Instead, they were muffed and the Russians and Chinese won their skirmishes.

But to concentrate only on Administration blunders would be to miss the real direction of events. Both in Asia and Europe the swing is toward some sort of break in the cold war. This was evident not only in Mr. Dulles's withdrawal of the department's insistence that Nationalist China take part in any talks with Peking, and the President's bland comment that this had been "a touch of an overstatement." Other governments have been getting into the game too. With elections just ahead and a keen realization that no war fought over the Chinese islands—including Formosa—would get an ounce of popular support, Foreign Minister Macmillan publicly denied that Britain had promised to back the United States in defending Chiang Kai-shek. He also let it be known that he had asked Chou En-lai to elaborate his ideas for peace talks with Washington. Premier Nehru's chief foreign-policy adviser, V. K. Krishna Menon, is about to leave for Peking—at Chou's request—to continue conversations begun at Bandung on the Formosa issue, and Pakistan's Mohammed Ali has also announced his intention to visit the Chinese Premier. Indian intervention is not popular in Washington where Nehru's pacifism is regarded as a major obstacle to American policy in Asia. But the fact remains that no member of the N. A. T. O. or S. E. A. T. O. bloc, arguing for a peaceful resolution of the Formosa question, could carry the conviction with the Chinese Communists that the chief Asian neutral can. So if Washington now wants peace rather than a showdown with Peking, it cannot afford to snub the efforts of Nehru's emissary.

Above all, it cannot afford to go on pulling boners itself. Our government leaders must somehow be convinced that switching from one position to the opposite, and from tough talk to sheepish back-downs, will neither fool Senator Knowland nor bring their eastern adversaries to heel. It will only distress would-be allies and throw sand into the machinery that is now being tooled up for the production of a truce—if nothing better—with the Communist world.

The Long Way Round

For reasons implicit in the story, Sam A. Jaffe's interview with Chou En-lai, which leads our issue this week, was a journalistic feat. Unhappily, it arrived twenty-four hours too late for inclusion in our last issue. If weekly journalism has advantages in that it enables writers and editors to lend perspective to current events, it also has its frustrations. But daily journalism has its queer aspects, too. Considering the interview important enough to merit widespread attention, we released it to the news services—the A. P., U. P., and I. N. S.—the day following receipt. i.e., on April 26, cabling Mr. Jaffe that we were doing so. For reasons best known to them the New York offices of the wire services did not move the story. But Mr. Jaffe's identical release in Bandung was quickly picked up by the China News Agency, and broadcast by the Peking radio. In Tokyo the correspondents of the A. P. and U. P. picked it up and relayed it back to New York. It finally appeared in United States newspapers on the afternoon of April 28 and the morning of April 29, with a Tokyo dateline! About the same time—again apparently via Tokyo—it reached the European press and got a big play.

Odd fellows, we journalists.

Two Distinguished Americans

Two men died in recent days whose contribution to American life provides an ironic comment on the knownothingism that rules our government's policy toward the foreign-born. Refugees from the Nazi cult of "blood," both came to the United States at a time when intellectual freedom and learning still commanded some esteem in Washington.

Dr. Martin Gumpert was known to *Nation* readers for the wise and challenging commentaries on medical problems which appeared frequently in these pages until a heart attack forced him to limit his activities. But the chief interest of his later years was the problem of aging. He believed the rapid rise in longevity could either convert this country into a "gigantic old-age asylum" or become a national asset. As a physician, he was convinced that many of the common disabilities of age could be prevented. Through books and lectures and active membership in various organizations devoted to geriatrics he helped develop a new scientific approach to this emerging problem. He was also an essayist, biographer, and poet; and with it all, a skilled practicing physician.

Dr. Bernhard Kahn was another distinguished example of the "good European" whose devotion and profound culture enriched his adopted land. While still a young man he turned away from a secure career of scholarship to help rescue the victims of East European pogroms. The rest of his life was spent in Jewish relief work, chiefly through the American Joint Distribution Committee, of which he was European director from 1924 until the new pograms of Hitler sent him

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—a refugee in his turn—to the United States. In this country he became honorary chairman of the J. D. C. European Council and served many other organizations for the rescue and rehabilitation of Europe's dispossessed millions.

At a moment like the present, when the Administration's meager refugee program is being sabotaged by the McLeods and Walters, it is well for Americans to ponder what men like Bernhard Kahn and Martin Gumpert have meant to the country that—in a better time, under a humane Administration—had the wisdom to welcome them, first as exiles and later as citizens.

The Threat of Unity

Were it not for the fact that France will hold general elections next year, the slight drift to the left registered in that country's recent cantonal elections would be of secondary importance. In the vote the Socialists gained ten posts, the Communists six, other assorted leftist parties nineteen. The gains were made chiefly at the expense of the Gaullist Social Republicans, who lost seventy-nine seats; the center stood fairly firm. One reason for the left's success was the fact that the Socialists, in defiance of the policy established by the party leaders, made local deals with the Communists. In the second and final round of the vote, the Communists withdrew their candidates in about eighty districts, supporting the Socialist candidates instead; the Socialists returned the compliment by helping fifteen Communists to win.

The French right fears that this new "brotherhood" of the formerly fiercely competitive Socialists and Communists may lead to the reestablishment of some kind of Popular Front or working agreement on the left in time for next year's general elections. The only way to avoid such a possibility would be to change the electoral law and make it impossible for Communists to benefit from party alliances. A bill to gain precisely this objective will shortly come before Parliament. It will be fought hard all the way.

The Generous Tiger

Last November Japanese Premier Yoshida suggested that Southeast Asia needed economic aid in the amount of about $4,000,000,000 a year in order to "tip the scales against communism." A short time later F. O. A. Director Stassen returned from a tour of the "arc of free Asia," and the press displayed "authoritative estimates" that United States aid to Asia would total $1,000,000,000 in the fiscal year 1956—about one-quarter of what Premier Yoshida was suggesting as necessary, but still $200,000,000 more than we gave during the preceding fiscal year.

The President's April 2 message to Congress on foreign aid coincided with the Afro-Asian Conference. The occasion was auspicious. Mr. Eisenhower looked at Mr. Stassen's "arc of free Asia" and neatly assessed its needs: "All are threatened. Capital is very scarce. Technical and administrative skill is limited. . . . Now is the time for accelerating development of the nations along the arc." But, he added, "the major responsibility must necessarily lie with the countries themselves." And so the President proposed to spend not $1,000,000,000 for economic aid, but $712,500,000, of which $100,000,000 is for a *worldwide* contingency fund and another $200,000,000 is to be given in driblets over a number of years. "I suggest," explained the President, "that we can achieve the maximum return if $200,000,000 is set aside for the establishment of a President's Fund for Asian Economic Development . . . available for use over a period of years. Wisdom and economy in their use cannot be achieved through speed. A small, firm, annual commitment out of this $200,000,000 may prove in many instances to be the most fruitful method."

Thus our economic aid to Asia, despite the $88,000,000,000 lesson of the Korean War, continues to be doled out as peanuts. Of course, we are also giving Asia $2,717,500,000 for military assistance. The tiger is proverbially generous only with his claws.

Straight Talk to American Editors

[*The following is taken from an address by Robert M. Hutchins to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, meeting in Washington April 21, 1955.*]

The great issues of our time are peace and freedom. We know that the peoples of the earth are now equipped to turn one another into radioactive cinders. Can you say that you have given Americans the material they need to reach a conclusion on the course they should follow, on the choice between coexistence and no existence, between seeking peace through purchase and intimidation and seeking it through total, enforceable disarmament, between competing nationalisms and world law?

And what of freedom in the garrison state? Since most of you take the official line, that the only important fact of life is our imminent danger from the international conspiracy, most of you have watched the erosion of freedom without a twinge. When the official line permitted, you have sallied forth, as when you gallantly led the troops from the rear in a belated attack on Senator McCarthy. You have filled the air with warnings of the sinister figure on the left but have printed almost nothing about the fat cats on the right. You have allowed things to get to such a pass that some government departments now have guidance clinics in which the employee is taught how not to look like a security risk. Look at the Passport Division, interfering with the travel of Americans on their lawful occasions; at the Attorney General's list, ruining the lives of thousands on the basis of hearsay; at the Post Office Department, saving us from *Pravda* and Aristophanes; at the State Department, adding the name of Corsi to those of Davies and Service and countless

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others. See the blacklist spreading in industry, merging with proposals that American Communists should be starved to death. Listen to the wire-tapping, to the cry of Fifth Amendment Communists, to the kept witnesses roaming the land. The most distressing part of it is not that these things happen, but that the free press of this country appears to regard them as matters of routine.

You are educators, whether you like it or not. You make the views that people have of public affairs. No competition can shake you from that position. You will lose it only if you neglect or abandon it. As the number of papers per community declines, the responsibility of each one that remains increases. This is a responsibility that is discharged by being a newspaper, by giving the news. The editorial function is to make sure that it is given in such a way that it can be understood. The people must see the alternatives before them; otherwise they cannot be enlightened.

Light in San Diego

While many California cities are yielding to the schoolbook vigilantes and the foes of the United Nations, San Diego public-school officials have bravely resisted the pressure. School libraries have remained intact, and information about the U. N. is imparted in the classrooms. But the situation is not without danger. A book purge which originated some months ago in a small Marin County town has swept the San Francisco Bay region and leaped to the Los Angeles area. In many communities school boards and school libraries were intimidated. Now two members of a Republican woman's club have picked up the crusade in San Diego. So far the school administration is standing firm, but its position is not helped by the fact that in a recent city vote Mrs. Mary Fay, long a member of the Board of Education and an outspoken supporter of the United Nations, was defeated for reelection.

TOWARD A BIG FOUR TALK

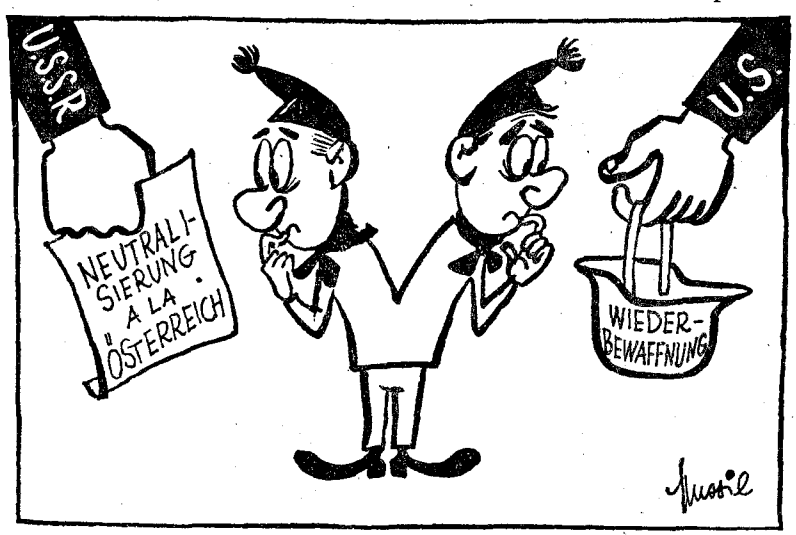
Public Pressure Increases . . *by J. A. del Vayo*

Paris

FOUR weeks have passed since the Austrian agreement was concluded in Moscow and it now possible to foresee some of its effects on world affairs. One result is already apparent. Everywhere in Europe the concept of an East-West high-level conference has acquired irresistible fascination. People are tired of tension; they are demanding something to end it and to let the world breathe freely again.

The mere fact that it took only four days to negotiate a Moscow-Vienna agreement has had a remarkable effect on the mind of the man in the street. "You see," he says, "it *is* possible to talk to the Russians and to arrive at an agreement." It might be said that Geneva had already proved that. But the Geneva talks took place when Dienbienphu was falling, and the Western powers were in desperate straits; it could be argued that the accord reached there was not the result of diplomatic give and take but of the powerful pressure of military events on Western diplomacy. But when Chancellor Raab went to Moscow no such emergency existed. Yet he returned to Vienna with a success for his country such as few other statesmen have obtained in recent years.

But if the accord was acclaimed by the Austrians and by the people of Western Europe, who took it as a sign of easing tension, it had a disturbing effect on Western chancelleries, which on the issue of negotiating with the Russians are following Washington policy. Most Western statesmen publicly welcomed a development promising Austria its independence, but privately they admit to facing a serious dilemma. The West does not want to yield the peace initiative entirely to the Russians, but no more does it want an Austrian agreement which might wreck, as the Moscow terms threaten to do, the years of patient effort poured into making German rearmament palatable to France. The dilemma should be kept in mind



Frankfurter Rundschau

Germany's Choice: Rearmament or Neutralization

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during the complicated maneuverings that will take place on the international stage in the coming weeks. It will be interesting particularly to watch the machinations of those statesmen who, while not daring to oppose an Austrian treaty, for which they have been asking again and again, are afraid it will grow into something bigger before Bonn has had a chance to put its first armed divisions in the field.

A foretaste of Western tactics came from London shortly after the Soviet Union on April 19 asked for a Big Four foreign ministers' conference in Vienna to formalize the agreement. An official spokesman for Harold Macmillan, British Foreign Secretary, immediately suggested that there was no need for foreign ministers to meet about a treaty "that had already been drafted" on terms which the Western powers had long ago announced they were prepared to accept. London must be a great comfort to Washington these days. In this instance it acted as if in anticipation of Washington's fear that Molotov might turn a foreign ministers' conference into an occasion for extracting concessions on Germany in return for an Austrian treaty.

The subleties of British diplomacy are worth more extended analysis than I can here give them. The British fear that the Soviet Union and the United States may yet reach an accord behind their back and at their expense; yet they want to do nothing to endanger Anglo-American collaboration. This is no less true of Britain under Sir Anthony and Mr. Macmillan than it was of Britain under Sir Winston.

THE West finally proposed that the ambassadors, rather than the foreign ministers, of the Big Four meet in Vienna on May 2 to draft final details of the treaty. On May 8 Britain, France, and the United States will meet in Paris to plan for the inevitable meeting of the foreign ministers of the four powers, and perhaps to discuss a conference at higher level. The view here is that public pressure and the British election are playing an important role in driving London and Paris along the road to negotiation.

The Dulles formula is at work—conferences by stages rising from ambassadorial through ministerial to highest levels. It is a formula admirably adapted, if not necessarily designed, to diminish the possibility of ultimate agreement by increasing the points of potential friction. Certainly Sir Winston saw the danger; what he wanted—and what Washington dissuaded him from seeking—was a conference "at the summit" first. Possibly he feared that by the time the Dulles plan of conference by stages reached a fruitful climax Britain might already be reduced to H-bomb ashes.

Whatever support Mr. Macmillan may continue to lend Washington, Premier Faure remains something of a problem. For the French diplomat is pressing for a Big Four conference with a broad agenda including Germany. The opportunity that Mendes-France missed is not likely to be missed by his successor. If Faure can do as well with the German problem as Mendes-France did with the Indo-China one, there will be no getting him out of office for a long time to come.

But above all the West is seeking to safeguard Chancellor Adenauer from finding himself in a situation where public pressure will force him to follow Chancellor Raab to Moscow. Ollenhauer, leader of the German Socialists, and other German opponents of rearmament are already beginning to generate this pressure. They are pointing out that unless the Big Four accede to high-level talks on Germany, Adenauer might do at least as well as Raab by taking a plane to Moscow and dealing directly with the Russians.

Under certain conditions, of course, the West would be delighted to talk to the Kremlin about Germany, and at the very highest level. If the Russians would only reconcile themselves to the rearmament of Germany integrated with the West and be content to discuss only unification and free elections! But every available piece of evidence indicates that the Russians are prepared to be conciliatory only when real negotiation is possible, as in Austria. When "negotiation" is only a synonym for the forcing upon them of a *fait accompli,* however, they manage to be very tough. Readiness to negotiate must not be confused with readiness to collaborate in adding German military and industrial power to the Atlantic coalition. So much cannot be expected from Moscow.

Three Views on Big Four Talks

WHERE and at what level should a Big Four conference be held? What should be the agenda? Should the Germans participate? Has the U. N. a role to play in a Big Four meeting? What about disarmament? Three distinguished Europeans here present brief answers to these questions. Sir Robert Boothby, M. P., is one of the new crop of young and independent-minded British Conservatives; Michael Foot, M. P., is one of the leaders of the Bevanite section of the British Labor Party; Gustav L. Heinemann, a former member of Adenauer's Cabinet, is a leading West German "neutralist."

By Sir Robert Boothby

London

The Big Four conference should be held as soon as possible after ratication of the London and Paris agreements. The place is not important. The paramount objective should be relaxation of present tension, which is more likely to be achieved by concrete solutions of a few specific problems than by vague declarations on general issues.

I prefer a meeting of foreign ministers, because I think that good results are more likely to be achieved by the well-tried methods of diplomacy than by those of "top-level" conferences. I am fortified in this view by the published account of the Yalta conference. The unification of Germany should be one of the specific items on the agenda. This would involve agreement on free elections, the level of German rearmament, and the place which a united Germany is to occupy in the world. These are difficult problems, but I see no insuperable difficulties so far as frontiers and elections are concerned; and with regard to armaments, I think a hopeful line of advance might be found in the permanent denial to Germany—with her consent—of the right to manu-

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facture nuclear weapons, and an attempt to limit the size of conventional armed forces on the continent.

This would bring an immediate relaxation of tension; and the whole vast question of the limitation and control of nuclear arms could then be left to be dealt with, in a wider setting, under the auspices of the United Nations.

I do not think that representatives of either West or East Germany should be present at the outset of a Big Four conference. They might be invited to attend at a later stage.

By Michael Foot

London

I WOULD like to see a conference "at the summit" be held in London within the next few weeks, before any further measures are taken to proceed with German rearmament. The first item on the agenda should be the question of German unification. I believe that the West's major contribution could be to describe in general terms the kind of compromise which it would be prepared to accept. The concept of free elections advanced hitherto by the West implies that the Soviet Union should surrender its control over East Germany and stand by while the whole of Germany enters into a military alliance with the other side. No Soviet government is likely to accept such a proposal. A compromise involves some form of German neutralization. This was the form of compromise between East and West envisaged at Potsdam, and if a genuine peace is to be established in Europe we shall have to return to it.

It would be better in my view for the four powers to explore the possibility of agreement before either of the two German governments is asked to stake its prestige on the eventual settlement.

It is idle to expect agreement about disarmament until some of the worst of the world tensions are relieved. But an agreement on Germany would so transform the international situation that disarmament talks, particularly in connection with nuclear armaments, would have a chance of success. I see nothing in a Four Power conference of the kind envisaged above which would conflict with the purposes of the U. N.

By Gustav W. Heinemann

Essen, Germany

A CONFERENCE of the Big Four chiefs of state should be held soon, preferably in a neutral country such as Switzerland. The chief goal must be the overcoming of the mutual mistrust which now poisons the world. The specific objective should be the unifying of Germany, which can be brought about only if both sides are prepared to renounce any military participation by a united Germany in their respective blocs, or if a collective all-European security system is created which would include a united Germany.

The participation of West and East Germany in such a conference would not seem to be expedient. However, any settlement proposed for Germany should be dependent on the consent of the government of a united Germany chosen in free elections, or of a majority of the men and women of the German electorate.

THE PROFIT IN ATOMS

New Vista for Business . . *by Gene Marine*

San Francisco

WITH some of the ludicrous awkwardness with which Abbott and Costello met the Wolf Man, but with a good deal more solemnity, the American business man last month was introduced to the atom. Cost estimates crowded out talk of theta mesons; the insurance problems of corporations received more attention than the merits of D_2O as a moderator in nuclear reactors.

The meeting took place in San Francisco on April 4 and 5 at a conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy sponsored by the Stanford Research Institute and the Atomic Industrial Forum. It was attended by engineers and scientists who looked faintly irritated when the discussion turned to finance, by representatives of firms deep in atomic-energy work, like Westinghouse, and by bewildered executives who were considering activities on the fringe of nuclear industry.

The theme of the meeting was: what's in it for us business men and how soon? The conclusion was that the age of nuclear power—of electricity generated by nuclear reactors instead of by water power or by burning "fossil fuels" such as coal and oil—could be just around the corner or still a long way off.

The uncertainty was due to the difference between what is technically feasible and what is commercially feasible. The physical possibility of a nuclear steam plant has been demonstrated in the submarine Nautilus. The theory is completely understood. But how soon your home and mine will be lighted by electricity produced by a reactor is another question, and the answer depends on how many mills—tenths of a cent—each kilowatt-hour will cost. The best coal-fired steam plants in this country produce power at a cost of from 4 to 7 mills a kilowatt-hour, depending on the price of coal in each locality. Nuclear power has not even begun to approach so low a cost, and until it does, its generation in this country will be confined to the research reactors.

Some day, however, the nuclear age is bound to arrive. Coal and oil

GENE MARINE is a San Francisco journalist who covered the last annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science on special assignment for The Nation.

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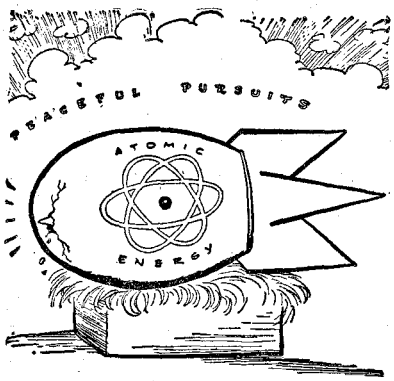

Providence, R. I., Journal

Emerging from the Military Egg

are not inexhaustible, while uranium reserves are tremendous in comparison with any conceivable demand—"breeder"-type reactors will even use fuel over again. Three and a third pounds of uranium can produce as much power as 4,200 tons of coal, 19,000 barrels of oil, or 125,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas. Moreover, as one speaker remembered to point out, nuclear power may be "competitive" sooner than most people think. Without nuclear power, the economically recoverable part of our fossil fuels will be exhausted by the year 2000. As the supply dwindles, the price will rise; so nuclear power will not have to go down to 7 mills to be competitive.

How soon will atoms toast our bread? R. P. Peterson, director of nuclear research for Republic Steel, made the only clear-cut prediction. He recalled that on an earlier occasion he had estimated that "initial" plants would be in operation by 1965 and "substantial installations" by 1980, and added: "There seems little reason to temper these estimates; in fact, I now regard them as too conservative."

THE question of who would provide America with the magic boon of atomic power was not discussed. It was taken for granted that "we" would provide it—the group of electric light and power companies which boast that they are "business-managed" and "taxpaying." That a rural cooperative or a municipal power system might be interested was not so much as hinted. The government's few representatives, including several men from the Atomic Energy Commission, said nothing to change the prospect. In fact, they emphasized the benefits conferred on private enterprise by the Atomic Energy Act of 1954, which empowers the A. E. C. at its discretion to declassify information, to slacken its regulation of industry, and to supply materials and financial aid to any company it chooses. Some of industry's satisfaction with the new act is understandable. As George Trowbridge, a Washington attorney, pointed out, a firm might be in a position to manufacture a reactor pump without access to classified information. But it would have no way of knowing whether or not the A. E. C., in secret research, had already designed a better pump.

One thing was plain, and it was underlined by the participation of such firms as Westinghouse, North American Aviation, and Duquesne Light in the A. E. C.'s experimental reactor plans: the source of our electric power may some day be different and the amount that appears on the bill may even be lower, but it will be paid to just about the same people. And we who pay it will probably forget to figure in the fourteen billion dollars we have already paid to develop the knowledge on which atomic power rests.

Why are Duquesne Light and Consolidated Edison in such a hurry to build reactors that apparently will not be commercially profitable for decades? The answer is that while it is ridiculous to think nuclear power will be in demand in the American power market while it costs more than 10 mills a kilowatt-hour, in almost every other part of the world nuclear power at 15 or even 20 mills would be a godsend. Hard-headed business men foresee immediate reactor markets in Western Europe, Israel, and parts of South America. In highly industrialized Belgium, for instance, coal supplies are running out, and there is a clamorous demand for a new power source. Britain has a similar problem but will probably build its own reactors.

Two other potential markets are Spain and Portugal. Little Portugal plans the almost fantastic feat of increasing its industrialization 80 per cent a year for the next five years; but, like Spain, Portugal has almost no access to coal and depends on falling water for power. Thus several successive years of drought can severely hamper the growth of industry. Nuclear power offers the only solution and is therefore so necessary that the cost need not be kept down to 7 mills.

The same dependence on water exists in Italy. Israel is mechanizing rapidly and has little coal and less water. The best-developed countries of South America—Argentina and Brazil—are considered the best markets for American-built reactors, since more primitive countries must industrialize before they need power.

IT WAS announced for the first time at the San Francisco conference that the A. E. C. would actively encourage the manufacture of reactors for sale abroad. A nuclear research engineer told me something of what that encouragement might mean. Russia, he reminded me, through its "Atoms for Peace" plan has made a real contribution to the economies of Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Hungary, which have in consequence become even more dependent on Russia. "If you use heavy water in a reactor," he went on, "you can use ordinary uranium as a fuel. So the A. E. C. is trying to get all these European countries to use light-water reactors, which means they must use enriched uranium. Do you get it?"

I got it. Ordinary uranium is plentiful in the Belgian Congo, Canada, and South Africa, and there are adequate supplies in Australia, Portugal, and France. If you are willing to pay a little more, there are deposits—harder to get at—on the Scandinavian peninsula and in the Baltic territories of Russia. It is known to exist in Mexico and South America. But enriched uranium—uranium that contains a larger proportion of the rare and delicate isotope U-235—is almost an American monopoly. The processes by which ordinary U-238 is converted into U-235 or used as a raw material for plutonium are held in the closest secrecy by the United States. For a long time to come, reactors that need enriched uranium must depend on America.

Morehead Patterson, president and chairman of the board of American Machine and Foundry, told a press conference quite frankly that America would probably get "a tight grip" on the economies of other countries but that they need not complain. "America," he said, "has always been idealistic."

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Lest the reader begin to feel, as some of the business men at the conference obviously felt, that nuclear power will appear in tomorrow's headlines, it should be emphasized that aside from production costs two tremendous problems still have to be licked. One is insurance; the other is waste disposal.

Insurance is a problem because the insurance companies have nothing on which to base action. There is not only the problem of insuring a reactor plant which might become a total loss, with all its employees killed, in a single major catastrophe; there is also the problem of adequate death and disability insurance for individuals. A statute of limitations, for example, is applied to compensation claims. But as most of us know by now, the effects of exposure to radioactivity may not show for years. Moreover, as nuclear power becomes more and more a part of our lives, reactor centers will not all be located in the wilds of New Mexico. What insurance should be carried by the man who works in the ashtray factory next door? Finally, there will always be the possibility of a nuclear "runaway"; a reactor may be full of radioactive material, and an explosion may scatter this material across the countryside. No insurance company is willing to underwrite this kind of catastrophe, and no business man wants to operate without insurance protection. That is the dilemma.

Equally urgent is the necessity to figure out what to do with radioactive waste material left from the fission reactions. At present we are dependent on the temporary expedient of burying these materials, with their extremely long half-lives, in sealed tanks underground; the British are dumping theirs far out at sea. It has been seriously suggested that we might seal the waste in containers and shoot them into outer space, where they could circle forever as miniature satellites. Fantastic as such a procedure may seem, it is the only remotely workable solution yet advanced. Until a cheaper one is found, there will be no "competitive" nuclear power. Apparently the only other hope is that some reprocessing method will be discovered which will render waste material relatively harmless.

LOUISVILLE'S BRADEN CASE

A Test of Basic Rights . . *by Walter Millis*

KENTUCKY'S "Braden Case" is considerably more complex than it has seemed to some impassioned writers on the subject; for that reason it is perhaps even more relevant to the basic problems of civil liberties in the United States.

In the spring of 1954 Louisville, Kentucky's metropolis, was prosperous and reasonably placid. There were no active racial tensions. There was no important voice of "racist" or "nationalist" propaganda in the community; McCarthyism was no more an issue than anywhere else; the anti-Communist fight in the C. I. O. unions, strongly represented in Louisville's expanding industries, was long over, and there was no issue of communism on the local scene.

Louisville still thinks of itself as a "Southern" city and carries a heavy emotional background of Southern feeling toward the Negro; but it also regards itself as the most "Northern" of Southern cities, and—largely under the liberal prodding of its great *Courier-Journal*—it has been making real if gradual progress during the past few years toward more equal treatment of its 18 per cent of Negro citizens. And it was one of these, Andrew E. Wade IV, a young electrical contractor and service veteran, who early in 1954 asked his white acquaintances, Carl and Anne Braden, to make a dummy purchase for him of a house in a "white" subdivision.

The Bradens are difficult, dedicated, and argumentative people, with a compulsion to lofty causes—generally of a left-wing coloration—and particularly to the cause of racial equality. Carl had been a labor reporter for the Louisville *Times*, the *Courier's* afternoon edition; he had left in 1948, later to become involved on the left-wing side in the battle within the C. I. O. When defeat left him stranded, he asked for a job again with the Bingham papers. His entanglement in the union fight had ended his usefulness as a labor reporter, but he was put on the copy desk of the *Courier*, a post which he thereafter filled with skill and an exemplary care to avoid "slant" or bias in his work.

The Bradens maintained social contacts with many Negro families; they lived, on principle, in a "mixed" housing area, and supported Negro causes. In 1951 Anne Braden, together with a Mrs. Alberta Ahearn, another white woman and a rather odd believer in racial equality, went to Mississippi to join the demonstration against the execution of Willie McGee; they were arrested and expelled from the state. There is little reason to doubt that when Wade asked the Bradens to buy a house for him they agreed primarily on principle—"we couldn't do anything else," as Carl Braden put it, "because if you believe in something you believe in it." The episode almost certainly did not originate as a Communist plot; it is agreed that the suggestion came from Wade, and no one has even accused Wade of Communist inclinations. It is not easy, however, to accept the Bradens' intimation that they were naively

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unaware of the seriousness of the challenge which they were about to fling at the accepted state of affairs in Louisville.

Wade could have bought without difficulty in one of the several "mixed" housing areas which have developed in the older sections of the city; but what he wanted was one of the small, cottage-type "ranch houses" which have been mushrooming during the past four or five years in speculative subdivisions all around the outskirts. His choice fell upon a little artificial-stone house just completed in a small shoestring development on the extreme southwestern edge of the built-up area. It stood directly across a lane from the builder's own house. The builder, James A. Rone, had barely begun his development; only one of two structures had been finished, while a new foundation had just gone in alongside Wade's choice. It must have been apparent to the Bradens that the appearance of a Negro family in the newly completed house would ruin the development and seriously jeopardize the speculative values throughout the area. But the Bradens are dedicated people. They bought the house, specifically representing that it was for their own occupancy.

THE transaction was completed on a Monday, May 10; two or three days later Braden transferred title to Wade, and on Thursday, when the Wades appeared for possession, Rone discovered what had happened. An immediate outburst of angry protests, threats, and efforts to buy the Wades out culminated on Saturday, May 15, when someone smashed a rock through the picture window. Later that evening the builder's son "Buster," together with two neighbors, burned a fiery cross opposite the property; still later in the night a fusillade of twenty-two-caliber rifle bullets was fired into the house. With this violence the story of the dummy purchase for the first time reached the pages of the Louisville newspapers. It created a major sensation.

The county police established a twenty-four hour guard on the place. The Wades, on their side, began to recruit friends to help garrison the property, and accumulated a small arsenal of rifles, pistols, and shotguns in the house. (It must be noted that in Kentucky firearms are still sold, owned, and used with a freedom which would seem bizarre in other parts of the country.) Threats continued; there was, however, no further violence. Instead, the white community resorted to legal weapons. The insurance was cancelled, and the mortgage company moved to foreclose. Immediately a Wade Defense Committee, including friends of the Wades, some locally prominent Negro leaders, the Bradens, Mrs. Ahearn, and other white people, sprang up to "save the house." The committee found a new insurer; it also began regular meetings, and helped organize the armed guard of the house. A white truck driver, Vernon Bown, previously unknown to the Wades, offered to move into the house if Wade "didn't mind"; as he worked in the evenings he could protect Mrs. Wade during her husband's absence in the daytime.

By the early part of June matters had considerably quieted down. Mark Ethridge, publisher of the *Courier-Journal*, offered to help Wade sell out; Wade at first seemed ready to escape from his unhappy investment, but a few days later he refused. He had decided—as if talked into it in the meanwhile—to maintain his stand "on principle." The mortgage company again moved to foreclose, on the ground that Braden's transfer had been irregular. There was a good chance that this suit would succeed; if it did, the Wades would be eliminated without further risk to the property. On Friday afternoon, June 25, Bown departed, saying that he was going to spend the week-end in Wisconsin. The Wades themselves went out on Saturday evening, leaving two Negro friends to watch the house. They returned about midnight; and the four colored people were chatting on the porch or near it at the front of the house when, about 12:30 a. m., a dynamite explosion blew out a section of the rear wall and virtually demolished the back room, in which Bown had been living. At the time the police guard was sitting, as usual, in the front yard of the lone house across the way, a post from which the rear of the Wade house was invisible; he reported that he had seen nothing.

The Wade Defense Committee began clamoring at once for a court of inquiry. The Commonwealth's Attorney, A. Scott Hamilton—a big but clearly thin-skinned official, with a reputation for a fiery and vindictive temper—put them off on the ground that the police were about to make an arrest. It is apparently established that for a time the county police chief did, indeed, think that one of his detectives had obtained a confession from a neighbor of the Rones. But nothing came of it. The Bradens have naturally charged this to police collusion with the criminal; but it is difficult to believe that there ever was a real confession or, if there had been, that its suppression could have been concealed. Indifference and incompetence are the most reasonable explanations for the fact that the county police investigation yielded, so far as is known, no worth-while evidence whatever either as to those who set off the explosion or even as to the way in which it might have been done.

HAMILTON would presumably have let the whole affair slide into oblivion had not the Wade Defense Committee continued to put strident pressure upon him for a grand-jury investigation—a pressure which seems to have exasperated the Commonwealth's Attorney. In mid-August he at last agreed to lay the matter before the September grand jury, but at the same time he warned the committee that there were "two theories" as to the explosion and that he would consider both of them. One, of course, was that the house had been dynamited by neighbors to drive out the Wades. The other was that "it was more or less of an inside job, done to stir up trouble between the white and colored races in Louisville, and that some people even thought that it was inspired by a principle of communism."

The week after the Wades had moved into the house—and thus long before the dynamiting—the Shively *Newsweek*, a small local sheet whose editor has been hospitable to racist and "nationalist" propaganda, had put out the suggestion that the subterfuge purchase of the house had been part of a Communist plot to "encourage panic, chaos, and riot,"

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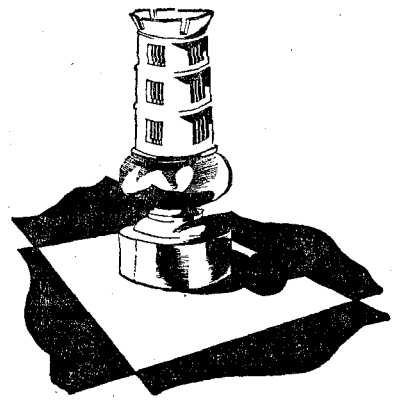
and the editor had not allowed the notion to die. But it was not until Hamilton's warning that he would pursue both of the "two theories" that communism seems officially to have entered the situation.

When the grand jury took up the case on September 15 it became evident that the trouble with both theories was the almost total lack of significant evidence for either. But whereas the Rones and their friends were responsive, if highly uninformative, witnesses, efforts to question the Bradens and their friends as to their possible Communist connections at once ran into indignant refusals to testify on the grounds of "irrelevancy" and finally, when the court directed answers, into pleas of privilege. These witnesses emerged from the grand-jury room, moreover, to issue flaming statements to the reporters denouncing Hamilton for conducting a "political inquisition." The *Courier* ran the statements, which angered the short-tempered Commonwealth's Attorney, and editorially rebuked him for investigating "beliefs" instead of the "bombing," which angered him a good deal more. "Scotty" Hamilton clearly began to sharpen his knife for the Bingham papers.

IN THE meantime Vernon Bown, the truck driver who had lived in the Wade house, had taken up quarters with a retired river man, I. O. Ford—an ancient of nearly eighty who had never concealed his Communist connections. A raid on these quarters, without a search warrant, yielded a "jackpot" of Communist literature, together with various indications that Bown was or had been a hard-core Communist. One theory, not completely untenable though supported by only the slimmest evidence, was that Bown—unknown to the Wades and their friends—might himself have set the bomb under the floor of his room to be discharged by some kind of timing device. But with the raid on the Ford-Bown quarters, Hamilton seems to have realized for the first time that it was unnecessary to worry any longer about the dynamiting. He had the makings of something much more personally advantageous, and much less difficult and embarrassing, to pursue—a sedition case.

There was sleeping on the Ken-



tucky books a globally worded and savage anti-sedition statute, a product of the hysteria of 1920. It had never been tested; it had been employed in only a few minor cases, to which the courts had held it inapplicable; and it had been a dead letter for years. But it had never been repealed. "Scotty" Hamilton had not previously sought fame as an anti-Communist. But here was an opportunity. The statute was so broad that it could be made to cover almost any kind of Communist or even pro-Communist activity; certainly, one did not have to do anything so tedious as proving a dynamiting charge in order to bring the statute into play. Toward the latter part of the grand-jury proceedings Hamilton told the court, in the course of an argument over the pleas of privilege, that "this thing has really gotten to the point there's not only an explosion involved in it, but now there's a question of sedition"; while his assistant added, dropping the explosion altogether, "We have uncovered evidence which we think warrants the grand jury investigating whether or not there is a sedition plot in Louisville."

On October 1 an indictment for sedition was returned against Carl and Anne Braden, Bown, I. O. Ford, Larue Spiker, and Mary Louise Gilbert—the last two being white women who had participated in the Wade defense. The indictment said nothing about the dynamiting; it did little more, indeed, than repeat the language of the statute, in effect charging these persons with sedition in that they had been seditious. The grand jury did pause to indict Bown for blowing up the house; while a few weeks later Hamilton sought to bolster his position by securing the indictment—again under the sedition act—of the Bradens, Bown, and one Lewis Lubka for conspiring to dynamite the house to achieve a "political end." But it was "sedition" which had become the sensation; and up to the present there has been no effort to try any of the facts concerning the dynamiting, which so far as is known remains a complete mystery.

The motives for this dramatic shift in the prosecutor's strategy were presumably mixed. Hamilton has firmly disavowed political ambitions, but to become the hero of a "little Smith Act trial" in Louisville could scarcely do him any harm. The sedition charge offered an obvious means of punishing the Bradens for their deeply resented and in a real sense underhanded blow for equality in housing, without raising any delicate issues as to Negro rights. No Negroes were indicted; and throughout there was to be careful avoidance of any suggestion that the dummy purchase of the house had been wrongful. The sedition charge covered up the failure of the police to protect the house they were supposed to be guarding, and the failure of Hamilton as well as the police to discover the perpetrators, whoever they were, of a fairly serious crime.

THERE were more obscure factors involved. If Hamilton was out to "get" the Bradens, he was also quite clearly out to "get" the Bingham newspapers. Hamilton appears to have been personally enraged by their criticisms of him. But there is a considerable section of upper-crust Louisville, Democratic as well as Republican, which has been increasingly restive under the generally liberal, New Dealish, anti-segregation policies of the *Courier* and the *Times*. A one-newspaper city does not present a desirable situation, however enlightened the single voice may be; and the undercurrents of resentment were stronger because there was no opposition medium through which to discharge it. Hamilton must have realized that to convict the Bingham papers, in the public mind, of having kept a "Communist editor" on their payrolls—the newspapers were never able to convince the community of the relatively lowly and non-sensitive character of a copy-reader's job—would hit them where it hurt. And in such an enterprise Hamilton knew that

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he would have a large segment of top-bracket Louisville on his side.

The one motive which, it would seem, cannot possibly have operated with Hamilton was any fear that the Bradens' communistic or seditious activities represented a significant threat to the security of the United States or the Commonwealth of Kentucky. The F. B. I., which knew more about those activities than Scott Hamilton did, obviously thought them too unimportant for a Smith Act case or federal action of any other kind.

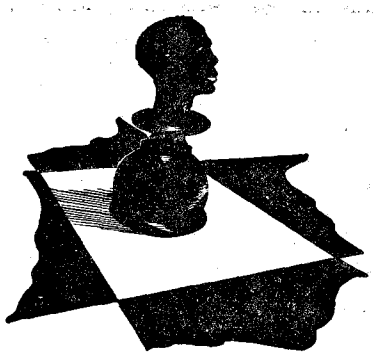
Braden was not proceeded against in any way for his subterfuge in purchasing the house. He was not indicted for the crime which gave rise to the grand-jury investigation. It may fairly be said that he was not in fact tried for the crime (sedition) for which he was indicted, but rather for being an active and proselytizing Communist; he was probably given the heavy sentence not for the fault for which he was tried but because he appeared to have lied to the jury; while the sentence is clearly and appallingly disproportionate to anything of which he may in fact have been guilty. That this sequence represents a gross miscarriage and misuse of justice it seems impossible to deny. But precisely where justice went astray, precisely why and how, and where the remedies lie, are questions less simple than they may seem.

THE sedition indictments themselves were vague, doubtless to the point of reversibility, but the accompanying report of the grand jury brilliantly illuminates the nature of the process upon which Hamilton embarked:

> One of the appalling facts determined by this investigation is that the ultimate purchasers of this house (the Wades) apparently surrounded themselves with persons reputed to be Communists or Communist sympathizers. . . . We are certain the colored people will only harm themselves by relying on persons having communistic tendencies. . . .
>
> We cannot overlook the serious threat to the United States from Communist governments and agents and sympathizers in this country. The grand jury believes in freedom of speech and freedom of the press, but when our national security is involved we object to Communists and Communist sympathizers hiding behind these freedoms . . .
>
> We believe that if we are to preserve our form of government and our national security, it is the obligation of everyone to see that he is not being unconsciously used as a means of dispensing propaganda inspired by those who desire to see the overthrow of our government by force and violence. . . .
>
> The members of this grand jury have found it most disturbing here to have uncovered in the short period of three weeks definite activities here in Louisville of Communists.

In making this discovery and in preparing the first trial to result from it "Scotty" Hamilton had outside assistance. Emissaries of the Un-American Activities Committee—then under Representative Velde—were in Louisville. Hamilton importuned the local F. B. I. office to make available to him any undercover operators they might have; how much the F. B. I. told him is unknown, but it would be naive to suppose that he learned nothing from them. He gathered evidence of his own by raiding Carl Braden's house; this time there were search warrants, but obtained by the highly questionable device of inducing Braden's fifteen-year-old foster-daughter in effect to inform upon her parents. Again there were hauls of Communist or communistically colored literature; again there were letters and papers tending to link the Bradens with well-known Communists. On November 29 Hamilton was ready to proceed with the sedition trial of Carl Braden.

The state's case followed two main lines. One involved a parade of professional ex Communist "experts" out of the Velde committee stable, intended to demonstrate that to be a Communist is to be a member of a seditious conspiracy. The fact that this parade included such dubious persons as Manning Johnson, of fame in the Ralph Bunche case, is neither here nor there; none was acting as an informer as none had known Braden or even claimed to connect him with the conspiracy which they described. They were a kind of background chorus, used to establish the proposition that, as the assistant prosecutor was to put it in his final address to the jury, "sedition is communism and communism



is sedition—there is no distinction." But to be a Communist is still not in itself a crime in Kentucky. The other main line of the state's case sought to show, from the books and papers taken from Braden's home, that he was not only a Communist, an active supporter of Communist-backed causes, a parrot for numerous Communist themes—one of his worst moments came when he had to defend a letter written in 1950, in which he had indicated that he did not believe the North Koreans started the Korean war—but also a distributor of Communist literature, an advocate and teacher of the seditious "line."

Braden's attorneys put him on the stand, knowing that a failure to do so would be asking for a conviction. He stoutly denied that he was or had been a Communist. He admitted supporting or contributing to a large number of Communist-front causes, but insisted that his interests had been those of fairness and justice, not of communism. As the defense was drawing toward a close on Friday, December 10, it began to look as though "Scotty" Hamilton might lose his case after all, and the lights burned late in the Commonwealth's Attorney's office. Saturday morning went to clearing up the last odds and ends of the defense; then Judge L. R. Curtis announced that the state wished to call, briefly, one "rebuttal" witness. It was Mrs. Alberta Ahearn, the white friend of Negro rights, who had been active in the Wade Defense Committee and long associated with the Bradens in various of their good works.

Alberta Ahearn, who described herself as a "seamstress," is a rather thin, tense woman, not without suggestions of emotional stress and with a distinctly checkered background. She now announced that since 1951 she had been a paid agent of the F. B. I. She went on to testify that

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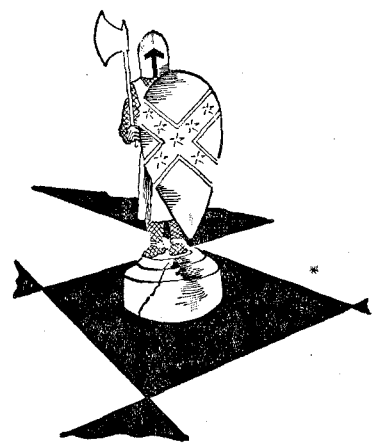
early in 1951 Carl and Anne Braden had recruited her into the Communist Party; that she had paid party dues to them, bought Communist books from them and had been a member of a Communist cell or series of cells, which had embraced in all the two Bradens, I. O. Ford, a Mrs. Beatrice Pearson (who had been fired from a job with the County-City Health Agency because of her refusal to testify before the grand jury), and a Negro, Chester Higgins. Taken totally by surprise the defense could only ask for a continuance.

Hamilton was later to explain that he had "suspected" that Ahearn was an F. B. I. plant ever since he had subpoenaed her before the grand jury. A "federal government office" had then called him to ask him to go easy with her; and he had not required her to appear. But the F. B. I. would not "release" her to him as a trial witness. Only on the Friday, when Hamilton's case seemed in doubt, did the F. B. I. relent; the "release" was granted and the prosecution spent Friday evening and some hours Saturday morning going over with Mrs. Ahearn her F. B. I. reports, on which her testimony was based. The consequent introduction of her testimony as a "rebuttal," itself improper, since the defense had introduced no new evidence authorizing rebuttal, gave it a surprise effect which was crushing.

ON MONDAY, December 13, the defense did what it could to shake the testimony, but it was not allowed to do much. Called to the stand, the Kentucky head of the F. B. I., Edward F. Boyle, vouched for Ahearn as an F. B. I. agent. But when the defense demanded the reports on which her testimony rested, the Federal District Attorney, who had taken no part in the proceedings, rose and somewhat sententiously announced that "the United States objects." The United States was objecting on the ground that the reports affected the internal security of the nation and could be introduced only with the special permission of the United States Attorney General. They had already been shown to the prosecutors, who were presumably not "cleared for secret"; the plant herself had been "compromised" and the security interests at stake are less than obvious. But the objection was sustained.

Defense did get on record the fact that Mrs. Ahearn had started to work for the F. B. I. in the late forties for expenses only; that it was when she reported her recruitment by the Bradens that she was put on a salary of $50 a month, and that as her reports upon Communist activity in Louisville continued to come in, her salary rose to $125 a month with expenses in addition. The defense was not allowed to introduce evidence concerning a previous disorderly-conduct charge which might have thrown doubt on Mrs. Ahearn's credibility. The jury went out near midday and returned three and a half hours later with its



conviction and its staggering sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment and a $5,000 fine.

The community generally applauded. The Louisville Bar Association had long before saluted Hamilton's handling of the case. American Legion posts, civic associations, and luncheon clubs passed resolutions commending his "courage." Through the Chamber of Commerce, an anonymous group of "outstanding leaders of our community" presented Mrs. Ahearn with a gift of $225. The Bingham papers had throughout felt themselves indirectly under attack. They had suspended their copy-reader, with pay, on his indictment; they now announced his "permanent" separation, regardless of the outcome of any possible appeal. And they finally spoke editorially in language which to many seemed less than heroic or even, perhaps, altogether correct:

> Carl Braden has been given a full and extended trial in a courtroom atmosphere in which sensationalism was held to a minimum. The case was extensively reported so that the general public had a good opportunity to judge the evidence. Only in a democratic country could a sedition case be tried in such a way.

It might have added that the sedition statute itself is almost certainly unconstitutional; that even under its generous terms, the indictment was grossly insufficient; that the trial record is full of probably reversible errors and that the Commonwealth's Attorney frequently showed a high hand with law and evidence.

It might also have pointed out, what it would be useless and only obfuscatory to deny, that the Bradens invited the lightning and were by no means wholly without responsibility for the disaster which resulted. Whether or not they were engaged in Communist conspiracy, they did much to create the impression that they were. It might have observed, at the same time, that a short-tempered, dictatorial, and somewhat lawless prosecutor—feeding his own ambition, or his own grudges or simply his own irritations—seized the opportunity to crush the Bradens and those popularly identified with them, along with liberalism, anti-segregationism, the protections of the Fifth Amendment, and even some of those of free speech and press. He set out to crush them under a fearful thunderbolt; yet it was a thunderbolt forged out of a statute indubitably upon the books, sharpened and intensified by popular attitudes in the community, popular fears and hatreds which are unavoidable facts of political and legal life, whatever the Constitution may say.

COMMENT might analyze much more closely the peculiar role of the F. B. I. It was gathering its own secret police information on communism in Kentucky. What it discovered was such small potatoes that it apparently took only a casual interest in "Scotty" Hamilton's own crusade to save the state of Kentucky and the United States from the perils of subversion. But at the last moment it used both its secret information and its prestige, not for the protection of the United States, but to help a fellow prosecutor out of a possible personal defeat. It fed

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him enough to enable him to destroy a few individuals so undangerous that the F. B. I. itself would not bother with them, and then drew the security curtain over any attempt really to test the value of this information. A thorough examination of Mrs. Ahearn, her testimony, and the reports upon which it was based might have thrown a very valuable light upon the nature, utility, and even the soundness of the F. B. I. work in the anti-Communist field; possibly it was for that reason that the F. B. I. refused to permit the examination. But the refusal underlines, on the one hand, the safeguards that should still be thrown about the utilization of such secret information in criminal process and, on the other hand, the extraordinary powers to bind and loose which we appear to be placing in the hands of our secret police.

Comment might have made all these points. One hopes that the appeal—if the Bradens are not finally sunk under the appalling financial burden of appeal—will develop most of them. But it is still not a simple case of a gross violation of civil liberty. It is a case of obvious and gross injustice, which even a more scrupulous observance of the letter of civil liberties might not have averted. Hamilton's case would have been impossible without the old Kentucky statute. But it would equally have been impossible without a climate of opinion which has never know what to do about such statutes, which has never yet been able to distinguish between communism and sedition, which has never yet, on either "liberal" or "conservative" side, really faced up to the problem of how to fit the Communist heresy into a structure of civil liberty and due process which that heresy is avowedly determined to destroy.

THINK RIGHT!

Reverend Peale's Panacea . . . *by R. C. Murphy, Jr.*

THE human mind is a fluid into which you can drop a few words of the Bible to dissolve and spread a healing balm, a machine that can be thrown into neutral and "lubricated" with peace, a container that must d a i l y be drained of bad thoughts as you let dirty water out of a sink. Religious experience is something that gets results. God is a partner, a personal friend who "rates you by the size of your prayers," someone who if necessary "runs a beauty parlor," someone to whom you need only turn once and for all, here and now, in order to solve at a single stroke all the problems of life. Man's ultimate destiny is to become popular, esteemed successful, a sincere and thoughtless exponent of the status quo, and to make money.

These are some of the teachings found by an eager public in the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale's "The Power of Positive Thinking," of which nearly a million copies have sold to date. It is a folksy, monotonously cheerful book in which the problems of a frightened and desperate America are offered guaranteed solutions in easy steps. With boisterous salesmanship the reader is assured in the introduction that there is no such thing as failure, that this "perfected and amazing" method is certain to work for him as it has worked for everyone exposed to "these techniques." He is then whisked into the substance of the book with a number of anecdotes showing how religion pays. The gua eed formula for business success is prayer, and the reader is frequently reminded that failure would come only from lack of diligence in applying the instructions. Prayer brings faith, and may be turned into a neat profit if one is sufficiently alert. Take the down-and-outer who after a session with the author imbedded a mustard seed in a plastic ball as a symbol of his tiny core of faith. Pretty soon he commercialized this novelty, and ever since then he has been in clover.

The goal of life, Mr. Peale believes, is to feel peaceful. If you don't feel peaceful but are troubled by the state of the world, the individual's lack of value, the nature of truth, or any other concept which arouse a certain amount of anxiety, then you are his man. The bad thing is the anxiety; if getting rid of it requires you to amputate your whole struggle toward personal or religious growth, you must do so. Furthermore, unpleasant realities are to be avoided, since they are likely to create unfavorable moods. For example, after establishing his own conventional anti-communism and pro-Americanism, Mr. Peale advises that the less thought about communism the better, because it's an unpleasant s u b j e c t. Facts, t h o u g h t s, creative strivings, self-contemplation, all these fall under his ready knife if they can be shown to cause mental anguish.

On the other hand, if you are a manufacturer of hydrogen-bomb casings or crime comics and are satisfied that all is right with both God and the world, there is every indication that Mr. Peale will leave you alone. His central message of reassurance, indeed, is that you must not worry about what you are but must accept and have confidence in yourself. Except to get rid of troubling suspicion that you may not be living the good life while conforming to a world of possessions, cutthroat competition, and mechanization, soul searching is taboo. Anxiety is "just a very bad mental habit" which must be cast (or "flushed")

ROBERT C. MURPHY, JR., a psychiatrist practicing in Tacoma, Washington, contributed a psychiatric diagnosis of McCarthyism to The Nation *of March 27, 1954.*

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out through the repetition of certain daily rituals. Self-knowledge, in Mr. Peale's understanding, is unequivocally bad; self-hypnosis is good.

GIVEN the massive longing for spiritual anchorage apparent in much of the nation, how has a book which merely strips religion of its richness and depth become so popular? The question points to a voracious public appetite for the tools of self-discovery. Perhaps this longing is a reaction to an age which does not easily grant independence to the human spirit. Mr. Peale's eminence itself, in fact, illustrates our habit of thrusting the experts of a scientific age into positions of authority over every conceivable branch of our lives. The non-expert senses this unhappy trend as a challenge to his very existence as an individual. It may be that the world's obvious eleventh-hour peril is simply the most tangible form in which this challenge has been presented to us. In any case, the threat is now imminent and the resulting craving for self-awareness intensely urgent. Being so, it is easily subverted by anything advertised as quicker and easier.

Mr. Peale's book is bursting with such advertising, which varies from the repetitive claim that its methods have never failed to the exhortation to "prayerize" your life. Through almost unlimited testimonial anecdotes the author ballyhoos prayer—his own style—much as Smith, Kline, and French proffers dexedrine. Both products provide the soothing message that one's problems are not really real. The claims of the drug house are by far the more modest.

All this advertising is vindicated, as it were, by a strict cleaving to the line of part truth. Aside from the implausible and woodenly pious dialogue running through the pages, one finds it hard—in some cases almost sacrilegious—to quarrel with any single statement. Good and potentially useful ideas, for instance, like the anecdote illustrating the value to one couple of religious reading, discussion, and meditation, can be found in almost every chapter. Concepts like the "self-emptying" aspect of worshipful meditation might have been formulated by a Jesus or a Gandhi. But what separates Mr. Peale from these leaders is that they believed in what they said, while he appears not to listen to his own words. They regarded religious growth as an end in itself; to Mr. Peale it is little more than a means to such banal goals as popularity, monetary wealth, and the like. They held that the human soul is too deep to be grasped by even a vigorously investigative mind in a lifetime of study. Mr. Peale appears to think he has the answers. This aura of finality makes the book not merely an incomplete presentation of religion, but a vigorous door-shutting assault on it.

The "soul" which he presents is one without depth, a personality without the vast matrix of an organized unconscious to hold it together. It is this very shallowness of his concept of "person" that makes his "rules" appear easy. If the unconscious of man, which it must be remembered is the reservoir not only of his hates and lusts but also of all his nobility, can be conceptualized merely as a container for a small jumble of psychic fragments, then ideas like "mind-drainage" follow. So does the reliance on self-hypnosis, which is the cornerstone of Mr. Peale's therapy. Hence the emphasis on "catharsis," on getting

Norman Vincent Peale

rid of "sin" simply by "pouring it out," and on safeguarding such gains by "mind-emptying at least twice a day." Hence also the one-dimensional picture of human suffering revealed by such comments as "It was not difficult to analyze his case," followed by an explanation of some pathological behavior with a single, stereotyped childhood cause.

As a whole, the book seductively offers to replace the inner growth force by an external authority which says in essence, "I will do it for you," or at least, "I will lead you all the way." A subtler influence is its denial of unpleasant reality. With saccharine terrorism Mr. Peale refuses to allow his followers to hear, speak, or see any evil. For him real human suffering does not exist; there is no such thing as murderous rage, suicidal despair, cruelty, lust, greed, mass poverty, or illiteracy. All these things he would dismiss as relatively trivial mental processes which will evaporate if thoughts are simply turned into more cheerful channels.

This attitude is so unpleasant that it bears some search for its real meaning. It is clearly not a genuine denial of evil but rather a horror of it. A person turns his eyes away from human bestiality and the suffering it evokes only if he cannot stand to look at it. By doing so he affirms the evil to be absolute; he looks away only when he feels that nothing can be done about it. In religious terms this orientation corresponds to a profound conviction that the devil is alive and active, that evil is a positive and unredeemable force. But belief in the devil is not a static fact; it is a powerfully experienced obligation to try to destroy him. Whether one seeks with Mr. Peale to starve him to death through non-recognition or more kinetically to bomb him to death, one is getting into the familiar ethical contradiction of trying to "destroy" those forces in the world which appear to be "destructive." In this regard Emile Coue, whose teachings for the turbulent 1920's are very much like those of Mr. Peale, made less use of a religious framework but more frankly recognized a devil, whom he regarded as the author of failure. Although Mr. Peale's words affirm only God, his elaborate restriction of his material to the syrupy can be understood only as an underlying belief in evil as a living force.

HEREIN lies the mischief in his offering. The belief in pure evil, an area of experience beyond the possibility of help or redemption, is automatically a summons to action: "evil" means "that which must be attacked." Anything which strengthens the belief that evil exists as a tangible force outside oneself thereby indorses the cruelties which

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men commit against each other. Between races, for instance, this belief leads to prejudice. In child-rearing it drives parents into trying to obliterate rather than nurture one or another area of the child's emerging personality. In our whole sad penal system it leads to a routine assault on whatever humanity remains to those who have been hurt and are in need of help, and thus to the weakening of what may still be noble in the criminal. In political activity it leads to attacking "reactionaries" instead of doing something constructive. In international relationships it leads to war. As soon as a religious authority indorses our capacity for hatred, either by refusing to recognize unpleasantness in the style of Mr. Peale or by the more classical form of setting up a nice comfortable Satan to hate, it lulls our struggles for growth to a standstill. We are encouraged to give up our strivings and feel free to hate as much as we like and wherever we see the work of Beelzebub, whether under our own roofs or on the other side of the ocean.

Thus Mr. Peale's book is not only inadequate for our needs but even undertakes to drown out the fragile inner voice which is the spur to religious growth. While people honestly seeking help will find it almost anywhere they look, the book as a whole is anything but friendly to religious experience.

INDIA'S LAND REFORM

Danger of Gradualism . . *by Sidney Lens*

Calcutta

THE American press, ever on the side of virtue, has seen something sinister in the recent amendment of Article 31 of the Indian constitution. The Chicago *Daily News* calls it "legalized robbery" and obliquely suggests that India is no longer worthy of American aid. This is a typical example of how the West fails to understand the East. Fear of "socialism" often causes Americans to lose sight of economic realities.

The constitutional amendment is obviously directed at the landlord class. The government will now be able to acquire property without judicial review. It may requisition land, perhaps even factories, and set the price. Foreign property is excluded from this edict, but it is feared that once the monster is let loose it may end by expropriating even foreign holdings.

Admittedly there are dangers in granting an administrative agency the right to determine how much to pay a landlord or a factory-owner for his property. If everything were running smoothly, there would be no excuse for the exercise of such arbitrary power. Specifically, if the planned distribution of land to the peasant who tills it were being carried out, the amendment would not be needed.

The government has been patiently trying to coax along the land-reform program for eight years. As Nehru points out, more than half the people are waiting to receive the land they were promised. They want action, an end to legal delays. "If we do not change things peacefully and in time," he has said, "we expose ourselves to the danger of all kinds of storms rending our people."

The implication of Nehru's words is obvious: unless measures are taken immediately to help the peasant, India may travel the road toward communism just as China and northern Indo-China have done. Americans who shrink in horror from such a prospect are at the same time appalled by action which alone can halt the march of communism.

Consider the background: India has 363,000,000 people. The average annual income is only $57—a dollar a week, $5 a week for a family of five. But I know a rajah in Madras whose yearly income until recently was $8,000,000 a year. Incidentally he is a Socialist and favors the confiscation of large holdings. He owned some 2,500 *villages*—he couldn't remember the exact number—and yet he was by no means the richest of the landowners. How many peasants, then, must earn less than the $57 average to offset the rajah's $8,000,000? As you walk through the streets of Madras you see thousands of people with no home but the sidewalk, no other place to cook, to sleep, to procreate. In Calcutta the number runs into many tens of thousands. How can such abysmal poverty be relieved?

IN INDIA as in other underdeveloped areas the beginning of all change must be on the land. Agriculture is far and away the biggest industry. Some 242,000,000 people live on the land. When India became independent in 1947 most of them were share-croppers. They paid 50 per cent of the crop or more as rent and were at the mercy of 5,000,000 feudal landlords who owned at least 70 per cent of the land and exercised unchallenged political power in the villages. The peasant had little incentive to produce more. The higher yield would go mostly to his landlord, and the peasant was never sure that he would be permitted to work the same plot next year. In addition, 35 per cent of the peasants are hired as agricultural workers at fantastically low rates. In one village women paddy workers told me they earned 11 cents a day if they brought their own food and 7 cents if they ate the landlord's food. Male workers irrigating four acres of land nearby earned 25 to 33 cents a day. These were the employed. Beyond them are 90,000,000 Indians who are either un-

SIDNEY LENS, director of the United Services Employees Union (A. F. of L., Local 329), recently returned from a trip to India.

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employed or only partly employed.

Such poverty calls for radical action, and the pivot of all action is obviously land reform. India, like all revolutionary countries, seeks to create new wealth by making the land more productive. But if the peasant is to undertake real improvements, he must feel that the land is his, that he can pass it on to his children, that they can enjoy the fruits of increased productivity. Once the peasant owns his land he adopts better methods, produces more, begins to sell to the cities, perhaps even to export. And as he produces more, he consumes more, thus laying the groundwork for an expanding industry. Land reform has ushered in capitalism and industrialization everywhere.

The problem for India is pretty much what it was for Western countries a century or two ago. India's national income is some twenty billion dollars a year, only one-eighteenth that of the United States, though India is more than twice as populous. India saves perhaps 5 per cent, thus making one billion dollars a year available for capital formation. When you consider that it costs $2,500 to buy the plant and machinery to create *one* job in light industry and perhaps ten times that in heavy industry, you realize how insignificant is this one billion. Even if used exclusively for new industry it would mean only 400,000 new jobs a year—in a country where the population is growing at the rate of 4,000,000 a year. These figures are staggering, as the realities of Indian life are staggering.

To save more the country must produce more, and to produce more it must revitalize its main industry, agriculture. When the Congress Party came to power after independence it tackled the land problem with such patience and moderation that more radical elements were in despair. Nehru's government eschewed the expropriation of landowners practiced by the Communists in China. Reform was to be handled exclusively by the states. But only in Kashmir, which is semi-independent, has drastic action been taken. There all holdings larger than 125 acres have been confiscated and divided among the peasants. In the twenty-eight states of India proper reform has been far more limited.

Article 31 of the constitution provides that no land can be taken by the state without proper compensation. This obviously imposes a load that no underdeveloped state can carry. Where is the money to come from? The state must either itself pay the landlord or obtain the purchase price by selling the land to the peasants. The state cannot possibly bear the full cost out of revenues and if it prints money to pay for the land the result is inflation and an undermining of the whole industrial program. The Indian states have tried to solve this problem by giving the landlords long-term—thirty- or forty-year—bonds covering approximately one-third the value of the land. But this has created two other difficulties: first, it adds a heavy fixed-interest charge to the overburdened state budget; and, second, it permits the landowners to go to court to challenge the amount of compensation.

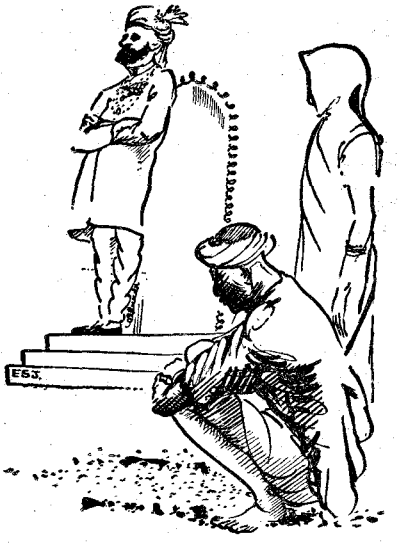
THE meager land reforms of the Indian states have been held up by these obstacles. The laws finally passed usually provided merely for the reduction of rents and permanency of land tenure. Attempts to acquire large holdings to distribute among the peasants have often been stymied by adverse court decisions. Moreover, when the state has succeeded in acquiring the land, the peasant often finds it impossible to pay the compensation demanded. In some states a tenant in order to establish ownership must pay the former landlord ten years' rent in instalments that are much higher than the old rent. How can the ordinary peasant, already living on the brink of starvation, manage this? He can't and he doesn't. In Japan, where MacArthur divided land holdings after the war, the peasants were favored by a skyrocketing inflation and had to pay only about 3 per cent of the actual value of the land. But India is not in this situation, and the prospects for the tenants are far less favorable.

After eight years of experimenting with "gradualism" Nehru sees the danger signals. Landowners are still powerful in the villages, still control much of the administrative and judicial machinery. In many places they have burrowed into the Congress Party and have real power in its councils. If they can continue to stall land reform, the peasants may take radical action; they may even turn to the Communists.

At the moment the chance of this is reduced by the fact that the Communist Party of India is dominated by the "softs." There are four party factions, two "soft" and two "hard." The "softs" believe in concentrating on parliamentary activity rather than violent action, one soft group favoring a popular front which excludes Nehru and the other being willing to include him and the Congress Party. The "hards" favor direct action to seize land and seize the government, one "hard" group being oriented toward a Chinese type of revolution based primarily on the peasantry, the other toward a Soviet type based on the city workers.

The winds from Moscow and Peking have kept the Communist ship on the moderate course. Nehru, the neutralist, can expect that internally the Communists will hesitate before shifting toward a new Yenan or a new October. Should the winds change, the Indian Communists may do again what they did in Hyderabad after independence—seize the land and start guerrilla warfare.

Nehru probably still favors gradualism but may let it be *less* gradual. Given the weapon of the new constitutional amendment he can take stern action to expropriate land and turn it over to small holders without delay or fear of court action. This will solidify the peasantry behind the regime and make possible more rapid progress toward industrialization.



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BOOKS

Decline of the Classic Moderns

By Maxwell Geismar

ON THE face of it, the famous names in American literature today are flourishing. Ernest Hemingway has just won the Nobel prize, and William Faulkner won it in 1949. (Not to mention the American-born poet T. S. Eliot, who received the award a year earlier.) Hemingway also got the Pulitzer prize in 1953, and Faulkner has been awarded two National Book Awards within recent years. Among the other surviving members of the celebrated younger generation of the 1920's and their immediate successors in the early 1930's, John Dos Passos has fallen somewhat from critical favor, and John Steinbeck has moved over to the edge of popular entertainment. But there is no question as to the commercial value of their work.

There is indeed only one question which has not been asked about these four major talents. Why has not any of them produced a fresh or important literary work in the last ten years? Why is the combined output of the group so repetitive of their best earlier work, so empty of any kind of growth or maturity—as though *their* world had stopped moving somewhere in the 1940's? In Hemingway's case one is grateful that "The Old Man and the Sea" is as good a tale as it is. But the theme which Hemingway still celebrates is that of solitary suffering in a black Darwinian universe—not too far removed from Jack London's—where one must kill the brothers whom one loves, even one's fish brothers, and where the sharks are the masterpieces of nature. The old man's luck was broken because he went "too far out." This verdict on the tragedy is typical of an artist who has always presented a world of painful consequences and no causes.

That Hemingway has always refused to understand the nature of his own private orbit of anguish is, I think, also clear. Signs of an absorbing narcissism, of childish heroics, of sadism and brutality within a sealed-off zone of torment, as it were, were found in his previous novel, "Across the River and into the Trees." When we turn to the work of William Faulkner, we see greater possibilities of change and growth—and of the capacity to meditate about life which after all has been the mark of the major world writers until this century. Faulkner has always had a wider frame of reference than Hemingway, including a sense of social organization and of the different kinds of human individuals who exist along with lovers, fighters, and animals. But in recent years he too has fallen below the level of his best early novels—"Light in August," "The Sound and the Fury," and "Absalom, Absalom!" all written before 1936.

THERE are even more puzzling issues here. Certain elementary facts have been consistently ignored by the New Critics, who have descended like a swarm of locusts upon this author's work. (Or, more accurately, like the mechanized corps of technicians that they are, armed with their laws of strategy and their canons of criticism, their depth-gauges, their tactile-meters, their handbooks of proper taste and codes of symbolism—all in a massive literary critique which should be called Operation Mississippi.) Directly after receiving the Nobel prize, for example, how could Faulkner think of writing "Requiem for a Nun"? For this was not a serious work at all. It was a rather tedious sequel to "Sanctuary," but with all the horrors gone stale and the sensationalism rationalized by a noble and moralistic "message." Was this to show that Faulkner, as the official spokesman for American letters, was repenting his past in public—or that he too, like John Steinbeck, was writing with one eye on the Muse and the other on Broadway?

What was distressing in this play was the author's lack of taste and self-criticism, as though, bewitched by a decade of homage, he could no longer make any distinction between the good and bad things in his work. The new novel, "A Fable," although it received the National Book Award this year, is unique among Faulkner's books in being neither good nor bad but simply mediocre. The purpose of the novel is surely admirable. It is a plea for pacifism which suggests that people should simply refuse to fight any more. Yet as the story develops we realize it is giving a pseudo-religious interpretation, and a sort of Hollywood-miracle effect, to the false armistice at the end of World War I. It has succumbed to the present fashion of seeking supernatural causes for events that are purely natural, human, or, God forbid, social in their origins. And what really remains in our mind after reading "A Fable" is the familiar Faulknerian stance of horror and terror rather than the scenes of purified human nobility or religious piety. Yes, that, and the beautiful folkloristic tale of the three-legged horse, which has no connection whatsoever that I can determine with the central story.

This is an old habit of Faulkner's—throwing together completely extraneous stories, joining them with a great pretense of mystery, and letting the critics find the answer. Mark Twain did it too, without any pretense. But the serious question that is raised by Faulkner's much-quoted Nobel speech, by the moralistic sequel to "Sanctuary," and by "A Fable" itself is of course that of his return to "faith." And it is also true that the code of moral precepts which the mature writer has apparently adopted is just as romantic and rhetorical as is, at base, his whole view of the Southern scene. I have always doubted whether Faulkner understands the deep South in the way that Tolstoi understood Russia, or Dreiser the American scene of his time, or even the way Ellen Glasgow understood the middle South. Faulkner has actually fashioned a more complex and modern myth of the old South, in which all the heroic virtues are in the decaying aristocratic families

MAXWELL GEISMAR, literary critic and contributing editor of The Nation, *is the author of several books on the history of the American novel.*

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(Sartoris-Compsons); all the vices in the rising middle-class "modern" Snopes clan: a black and white society indeed, where all the "good" Negroes are peasants or primitives, like the Sam Fathers of "The Bear," if they are not servants.

Richard Wright presents another view of the Southern scene, one which Faulkner does not ever quite see. But Faulkner too belonged to that generation of the 1920's which grew up to scorn the society around them but which was forced, somewhere around middle life, to fall back upon it as a central source of moral support. The later books of Sinclair Lewis are false and flat precisely because of this dilemma. What Lewis had satirized without full comprehension he tried to apotheosize without conviction. Very similarly the last five or six books of John Dos Passos present a "conspiratorial" view of the United States in which those dangerous radicals of the early 1930's are still busily undermining the foundations of the free world, as in "Most Likely to Succeed," in a way they never really achieved in their prime. Or else these later novels of Dos Passos present the same standardized moralistic picture of the "good" American hero who has renounced his youthful radical "errors" and becomes, as in "Chosen Country," a perfect Jeffersonian landlord, a husband and lover, a taxpayer, a patriot.

NO middle course seems to be possible between the extremes of Marx and the extremes of Horatio Alger. And what one misses in this whole group of writers, what shows up most clearly in the failure of their mature work, is just that ingrown, inherent, and actually *biological* belief in life—rather than any sort of intellectual or rhetorical affirmation —which marked the earlier generation of American realists from the turn of the century to the First World War. I mean the generation which extended from Dreiser and Ellen Glasgow to such figures as Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, and in his own odd way even H. L. Mencken. The separation of the artist from the communal life had not occurred then. These earlier writers were whole figures, not experts in their own eyes; they were rebels, but not expatriates or out-

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casts. Sharply dissenting as they did from their immediate social or literary tradition, they still found enough in their general cultural heritage to support their life convictions, a far deeper thing than the matter of political labels or social ideas.

The new writers of the 1920's were specialized in this sense. They were technical innovators, strong individualists, gifted talents who discarded not only the past, of which they were often ignorant, but the commonplace present. Where is the density and texture of ordinary life in the literature of this period; or the complexity of natural and social character that we meet in the literature of the past; or the involved, tormented, resilient fabric of human relationships? (Steinbeck has often sought after and never quite achieved this; Faulkner has had it, at his best, and often dropped it for purely literary effects.)

Exactly as in the current musical play about the 1920's, "The Boy Friend," the typical figures in the literature of this period talk to the audience, not to each other; as in Scott Fitzgerald's work they are always perfecting their roles before their mirrors. In one sense, at least, the whole period now seems to be a miraculous fairy tale where nothing real could ever happen, and where the typical writers of the epoch, such as Fitzgerald, or Hemingway himself, or T. S. Eliot, were masters, not of life, but of a kind of romantic enchantment; wizards of illusion, who took us for a moment under the spell of their art.

Yet beneath the enchantment, where common life should be to sustain as well as to confine us, there was a void which no amount of cafe society or wild-game hunting, or even of political theorizing, could quite cover up. For in this process too the great attraction of communism in the 1930's was just as artificial as had been the flight from reality in the post-war period. The new social radicalism was in part at least a salvation from a personal emptiness which had slowly become apparent. Its purpose was to save the masses, the nameless faces whom these writers had never really known in the way that the older American writers had.

One perceives this attitude very clearly in Hemingway's social-protest play, "The Fifth Column," and even in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." A sudden convert to the Spanish crusade, Hemingway spoke about the American depression in a ridiculous way. The great disenchantment of Dos Passos with the Communist cause also occurred during the Spanish civil war; even while the radical artist of this period, from his leftist point of view, was dismissing the New Deal, just as the later Dos Passos did from the extreme right. Meanwhile Faulkner had been slowly swinging over to the only political stand which could emerge from his writing. The South could take care of its own, he said in "Intruder in the Dust." Northern agitators should keep out.

So now in the middle 1950's, when what often seems to be a nightmare of reaction has settled down over the nation, perhaps it is not surprising that this group of writers cannot really function. None of them—not even Steinbeck, who *needs*, one might say, a social cause to ballast his fantasy—has been able to deal with his own society in his work, or to speak up on the fundamental issues of life and art today. Their writing shows this inertia, or worse. For if the history of the 1920's and 1930's was so largely an enchanted dream in their minds, then perhaps the present period is the true reality.

Influence of the Alger Myth

THE DREAM OF SUCCESS. A Study of the Modern American Imagination. By Kenneth S. Lynn. Atlantic–Little, Brown. $4.

By Robert H. Elias

MODEST in scope but ambitious in intent, this volume provides an important corrective influence in the study of our culture. Where disciples of Van Wyck Brooks and Parrington have considered our literary tradition to be opposition to the values idealized in Horatio Alger's myth of success and have treated novelists like Theodore Dreiser, Jack London, David Graham Phillips, Frank Norris, and Robert Herrick as men estranged from their society, Mr. Lynn argues that those very five writers were in fact molded by their society, accepted the Alger myth as the key to the meaning of our national life, and having discovered that reality did not correspond with boyhood dreams of a world in which earnest effort was materially and spiritually rewarded, devoted their art and lives to trying to adjust to the reality, only to fail because they subscribed to the very values that had created the world that had disillusioned them.

Dreiser, the major figure discussed, is appropriately used to introduce Mr. Lynn's pattern. Dreiser's themes, the argument runs, are confined to pecuniary and social success. Brought up in poverty and filled with dreams of escape to the cities, he experienced failures that left him with the image of death as failure's inevitable result and, ultimately, achieved successes that allowed him not only to accept the world with its struggles but also to glorify it and its amorality by emphasizing in his principal works the importance of the powers of mind and will, the same powers that were the equipment of Alger's heroes. Dreiser's acceptance of the values he portrayed is borne out by the impasse he reached as novelist. For he was unable to envisage anything beyond boredom for Carrie, death for Lester Kane, and interminable financial and social conquests for Frank Cowperwood, and when the last possibilities for Alger's heroes were destroyed in 1929, he had nothing more to say in the form of a novel until just before his death sixteen years later, when he completed two "hollow shells of books"—and requested burial in southern California's most glamorous cemetery.

London similarly fell into the trap of his own assumptions. Born a bastard, reared in want, wretchedly exploited in youth, he yearned to succeed like an Alger hero. Chancing upon Marx, he denounced capital-

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ism for preventing the truly fit from fulfilling themselves, and labeled himself a Socialist. Yet the socialism that he affirmed, with, ironically, considerable profit to himself—he eventually was earning more than $60,000 a year—was in the interests of such as the dog Buck and muscular and mental supermen like Wolf Larsen and Ernest Everhard, who needed a competitive society to assert themselves. Indeed, not only could London never adequately visualize the workings of a Socialist state, but his heroes had no use for the masses. No wonder that Martin Eden, bored with success and disillusioned with socialism, should find the world wanting and commit suicide. No less wonder that London himself finally emulated his prophetically autobiographical character. Determined that a bastard could live like an aristocrat, he had undertaken life on a scale beyond even his means. Unable to accept the dream of serenity he offered himself in "Burning Daylight," he became fiction's slave until his overdose of morphine sulfate released him.

Phillips, Norris, and Herrick fared no better. Phillips, voicing middle-class aspirations, seemingly assailed success when his hard-working protagonists, superior to the effete children of the rich, fought privilege; but at the same time, believing that fear of economic failure prevented corrupting idleness, he created heroes who sought to be gentlemen, who married heiresses, and who exhibited the pluck and push of the celebrated self-made man. Norris, the victim of tensions between a father who was a business success and a mother who was a thwarted thespian, spent his career trying to justify his artistic interests according to his father's standards. Although he believed that "everything I have I owe to my mother"—a tenet of the success mythology—his theory and practice of literature indicate domination by his father's point of view: he called the growth of business enterprise modern fiction's proper subject, made his protagonists hard, self-reliant men, and concluded his final novel, "The Pit," with the capitalist Jadwin winning over the artist Corthell. As for Herrick, most passionately dedicated of the five to finding an alternative to success, he created anti-success heroes who were so successful in their careers that they could not escape either self-

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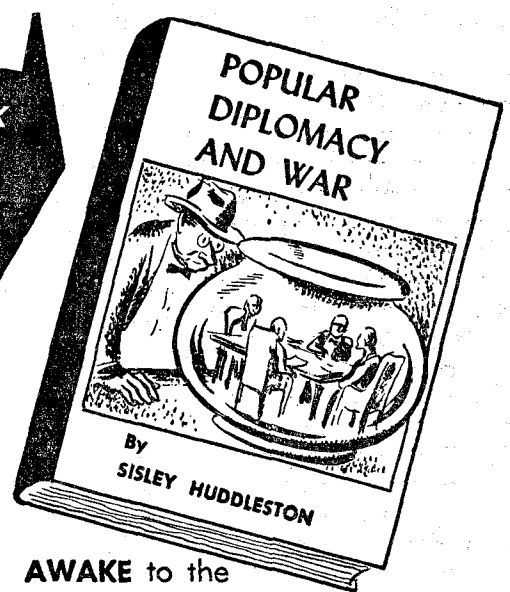

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DAVID LAWRENCE in an editorial
J. S. News and World Report **Feb. 11, 1955**

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destruction or, worse, their author's insistence that they be shown fit to win in a success society, and frequently he was unable to devise denouements to resolve the problems he had posed. Finally, hoping that World War I would purge America of its poisons, Herrick concluded that actuality had betrayed him; left among the disillusioned, he appropriately entitled his autobiography "Waste."

Mr. Lynn's study cannot, to be sure, be read as a comprehensive account of the five writers; certainly in the discussions of Dreiser and Norris it is incomplete and at times possibly misleading. But Mr. Lynn's subject is American civilization, not literature as such, and his book should be read for what it shows of the prevalence of the success myth in our society, for the extent to which it helps define, with wit and penetration, what the assumptions of the first decades of our century were. Aware that a novelist's values are disclosed not by pronouncements mainly but by tone, plot, characterization, Mr. Lynn has admirably related literary analysis to biography on the one hand and to social history on the other. In addition, he illuminates the vital question of how our writers have confronted the key figure in our so-called business civilization. The fact that Mr. Lynn's five symptomatic novelists were always seeking justifications is evidence of some vestigial sentimentality about what their world might be and skepticism about what it was. It may be obvious that the American imagination has yet to see business in the light in which it sees art and science—namely, as a realm in which the self can be faithful: an artist may fulfil himself in art, a scientist in science, but what may a business man do? Must he collect pictures, subsidize an observatory, or give unto the needy? Nevertheless, the persistence of the problem validates Mr. Lynn's subtitle and enlarges the relevance of his book, a work of the first importance.

Margaret Sanger

THE MARGARET SANGER STORY AND THE FIGHT FOR BIRTH CONTROL. By Lawrence Lader. Doubleday and Company. $4.

By Henry Pratt Fairchild

THIS book provides case-study material on a number of important questions, both general and particular. In the general category: What are the qualities of leadership, and where do they come from? What is the influence of heredity and environment? Can a powerful and determined will master the frailties and disabilities of the body? What are the possibilities of a "career woman" preserving what are considered the "normal" relationships with husband and children? What is effective organizational procedure in a pioneer field? And especially, how much validity is there in the "great man" theory of history?

In particular, as the title indicates, this is an account of the impact of a single forceful and devoted woman on a world-wide social movement. Born of a rebel father, Margaret Sanger was never overawed by conventions or traditional concepts. Beginning her professional life as a trained nurse, she was appalled by the suffering and human wastage caused by abortions and superabundant child-bearing. She began to visualize a crusade devoted to the emancipation of woman from sex slavery and the achievement of the freedom of her own body and her procreative capacities. She was deeply impressed by the obvious relationship between poverty and unduly large families. The turning point in her life came through the often-told and tragic episode ("Tell Jake to sleep on the roof") of the death of Sadie Sachs following a second attempted abortion. Mrs. Sanger determined to go to Europe to find out what could be done about it.

The career that followed was so crammed with events and experiences that even this book is of necessity scarcely more than a summary of it. There is enough drama here for half a dozen Broadway hits. Mrs. Sanger made powerful friends and bitter enemies. She came to grips with prejudices, laws, governments, and the Roman Catholic church. But one victory after another was won, culminating in the recent formation of the International Planned Parenthood Federation. Few women have been the recipient of such an outpouring of love and gratitude from the humble, and glowing honors from those in high places, as Margaret Sanger—and been so unspoiled by it.

One of the secrets of Mrs. Sanger's success is her unlimited capacity to grow. Animated in the beginning by an emotional concern for the welfare of the individual woman, she became in time a thorough expert in the field of population in its broadest sense. She is the exact opposite of the conventional concept of the woman reformer. Those who, in the early days, not having seen her, pictured her as a massive, masculine, blustering creature, a sort of combination of Carrie Nation and Mrs. Pankhurst, brandishing a hatchet in one hand and a contraceptive in the other, were amazed, if they had the good fortune to meet her, to find a rather slight woman, very beautiful, with wide-apart gray eyes and a crown of auburn hair, combining a radiant feminine appeal with an impression of serenity, calm, and graciousness of voice and manner. But woe to him who was misled by this calm exterior into ignoring the tremendous fighting spirit, the self-generating energy, and the relentless drive that lay beneath it.

No doubt there would have been a birth-control movement eventually anyway, but who can believe that it would have come when or as it did without Margaret Sanger?

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD, formerly vice-president of the Planned Parenthood Federation, is the author of "People: The Quantity and Quality of Population" and other books.

IN EARLY ISSUES

"The Hound of Earth"
by Vance Bourjaily
Reviewed by Herbert Gold

"The Contemporary French Novel"
by Henri Peyre
Reviewed by Albert Guerard

"Rebels and Democrats"
By Elisha P. Douglass
Reviewed by R. R. Palmer

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Uses and Misuses of Eccentricity

THE LION AND THE HONEYCOMB. By R. P. Blackmur. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

By Arthur Mizener

THIS is the second volume in the collected edition of Mr. Blackmur's essays. The first, "Language as Gesture" (1952), contained a selection of his essays on poets and poetry. Here are those in which Mr. Blackmur has considered the relations between "letters and society." A few of them—notably Toward a Modus Vivendi and The Economy of the American Writer—deal directly with what he feels is the effect of the world situation on the intellectual life. Most of them, however, come at society indirectly, by considering a problem for a novelist like Henry James, or a social critic like Henry Adams, or a literary critic like Lionel Trilling. What Mr. Blackmur does in these essays is to examine some aspect of the writer's work which involves his relations to his society.

The essays collected in "The Lion and the Honeycomb" range in time over a period of twenty years, from The Critical Prefaces of Henry James, written in 1934 and originally published as an introduction to James's collected prefaces, "The Art of the Novel," to Toward a Modus Vivendi and Between the Numen and the Moha, both published in 1954 though written in slightly different forms somewhat earlier. The chronology is interesting; it reveals that, with one or two exceptions like the Loose and Baggy Monsters of Henry James (1951)—Mr. Blackmur is always very eloquent on James—the best of these essays were written between 1934 and 1944, the less successful between 1944 and 1954. This decline in quality corresponds roughly with the shift of Mr. Blackmur's attention from the art of literature to the institution of literature, from an interest in Henry Adams as a social critic, which led him to write the best essay in this book, The Expense of Greatness (1934), to the practice of social criticism, which led him to write Toward a Modus Vivendi (1954), which is probably the worst.

This shift of attention seems also to be connected with the change in quality in Mr. Blackmur's comments on criticism itself. He has always been concerned with the function of criticism in the present time. In his earlier attacks on the problem he was usually trying to envisage the precise character of the literary critic's work and recognizing that for the life of the intellect "failure is the expense of greatness"—certainly social failu and probably personal failure too. In the more recent essays on this subject, however, he has occupied himself with the state of the world and has yielded to the temptation to prescribe social remedies for the dilemmas of the "intellectual proletariat" of our overpopulated society, with its "mass illiteracy." He has taken to reviewing the statistics of magazine circulation in America in a confused way, to drawing odd, random conclusions from his passing observations of the

ARTHUR MIZENER, a member of the English Department of Cornell University, is the author of "The Far Side of Paradise. A Biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald."

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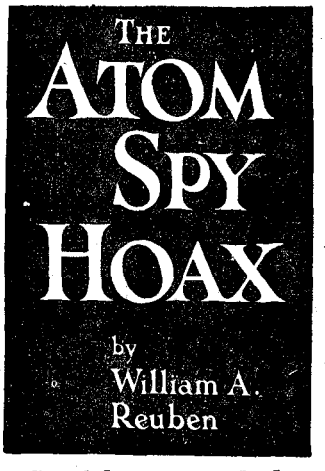

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intellectual life of Egypt and the Lebanon, and even to toying with the idea of an academy for the United States.

THERE is an obvious explanation of this parallel between the shift in Mr. Blackmur's attention and the decline in the quality of his work: he is a very gifted literary critic; he is not a gifted social critic. The explanation seems to me true as far as it goes, but the question of why it is so remains. The answer to this further question seems to lie in the oddity of Mr. Blackmur's mind, the almost mechanical efflorescence of remote ideas and strange relations which occurs in his mind when a subject is planted there. When this efflorescence depends on itself for control, it becomes portentously commonplace, or incoherent, or—what is least easy to bear—laboriously playful, as when it buries a perfectly good though not at all novel argument beneath the amateur pedantry of "the Numen" and "the Moha."

But if Mr. Blackmur's misuses of his brilliant eccentricity disturb us, we ought never to forget how much we owe him for his successful applications of it, illustrated here by the fine essays on Adams, James, Melville, Babbitt, and Eliot. Here what he himself refers to as "tykish impulses and wild insights" is controlled by the design of the works he is studying and so can show us more of what they ought to mean to us than can a dozen minds so disciplined that they have forgotten, if they ever knew, what discipline is for—the raw, irresponsible, intolerable vitality which discipline exists to bring to order and meaning. "As order is what we do with disorder," he remarks of Mr. Eliot, "impersonality is what we do with personality," for "Mr. Eliot is a substance besieged by orders." In contrast, Babbitt's humanism, he says, "by acting as if it were complete in itself, as if it were itself the unity of what it saw, became . . . a barrier between the mind and the sensibility in which it lodged. . . ." This is Mr. Blackmur's central insight. It is made to flash on our minds with extraordinary brilliance again and again in his discussions of particular writers, because, with the most natural air in the world, he shows them to us from the most unexpected points of vantage and down the oddest perspectives. He shows us the greatness of Melville by showing us why Melville failed as a novelist in the ordinary sense; he shows us the loose and baggy monsters that live in the depths of James's novels by showing us the merely provisional value of their "executive form," about which James talked almost exclusively; he shows us how profoundly Henry Adams understood that "the whole test of the democratic process is whether or not the seat of power attracts the scrupulous intelligence and gives it rein" by showing us how completely Adams failed to persuade the seat of power to try to attract him.

Mr. Blackmur has the vices of his virtues like everyone else, and he perhaps adds a few out of sheer wantonness or at least a very bad estimate of his resources. But the virtues are so great that we ought to endure the vices patiently and with gratitude.

A Strip of Common Ground

CRUSADE IN ASIA. By Carlos P. Romulo. The John Day Company. $4.

INDIA'S WALKING SAINT. By Hallam Tennyson. Doubleday and Company. $3.50.

By O. Edmund Clubb

THESE two authors approach the Asian revolution from different ideological quarters. Carlos P. Romulo, the well-known former Philippines representative in the U. N., offers a political view which is an amalgam of Western and Eastern elements. Hallam Tennyson, great-grandson of the poet, describes a working Indian philosophy.

Romulo wanders far from the generous confines of Asia. His work has no claim on the category of belles-lettres, and contains much chaff, especially in the first part, where he sets up the Soviet world conspiracy as his backdrop. But there is substance deserving rumination.

Romulo finds the root cause of Asia's contemporary revolution to be the basic urge of Asians to free themselves from the domination of the white man, and asserts, without citing evidence, that "the great enemy to peace in Asia . . . is not communism. It is colonial imperialism." But he finds that the post-war Hukbalahap rebellion in the Philippines resulted from social injustices experienced under the Quirino regime. Then came Ramon Magsaysay. Acting first as National Defense Secretary, next as President, he cleaned up administration, vigorously implemented a program for the benefit of the common man, and downed the revolt by combined military and economic measures, giving due consideration to the problem of land tenure.

This is still not Romulo's "Crusade in Asia." He springboards from his native land to all Asia, where "America stands at the crossroads," facing the challenge of communism. He holds that the time has come to counter-attack communism in the political, economic, and military spheres; and that the United States must win the friendship of the 466,000,000 uncommitted Asians who are democracy's potential allies. The weapons for the assault would be SEATO—which he would have extended and given teeth—and the Pacific Charter.

Romulo quotes his President: "Communism is an idea you cannot kill with sword or gun." He thinks that "the simple art of understanding . . . proved more powerful than bullets in conquering the Huks." He contends that with good government, "representative of the wishes and needs of a people," communism has no chance. He would have the democracies learn the lessons of Magsaysay's accomplishments, and make Southeast Asia into "an economic show window for the world."

TENNYSON'S book is in sharp contrast. It is delightful in style, novel in subject. It brings interestingly into perspective a remarkable Indian phenomenon—Bhoodan, or land-giving. "India's walking saint," Vinoba Bhave, proposes that landowners

O. EDMUND CLUBB, a retired American Foreign Service officer, spent twenty years in Far Eastern posts.

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shall voluntarily donate fifty million acres to the landless. Visionary? Nearly three and a half million acres had been received by Vinoba as of last August; redistribution has begun; and the program has been expanded to include wealth-gifts—of farm equipment, seeds, farm wells. Vinoba is "leading his country toward a social revolution unprecedented in the whole history of mankind."

But the essence of that revolution is its spiritual content. Vinoba elucidates: "We do not aim at doing mere acts of kindness but at creating a kingdom of kindness." He would introduce an age of love, in which the service of man would guide. Tennyson dedicates his book to Vinoba's ideal—*sarvodaya,* the welfare of all.

In the end, one sees a strip of common ground between Romulo and Vinoba. They both appreciate that the Asian revolution works chiefly in the minds of men, and that considerations of the general welfare are exerting great influence.

Vinoba toils in the villages of India. Romulo would relate the United States to the tremendous changes in course. In his epilogue he says that "Asia will decide the course which human history will take in the next millennium. . . . It is for America to decide whether Asia will be a partner or an enemy in the great task that lies ahead for all the human race." And Tennyson adds *his* warning: "We should beware lest our virtuous complacency blind us to a pearl of great price still hidden in India's squalid dust: the pearl of vision." Asia, with its "pearls of vision," may still find answers that have eluded the groping Occident.

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Russian National Art

THE ART AND ARCHITECTURE OF RUSSIA. By George Heard Hamilton. Penguin Books (Pelican History of Art): $8.50.

THE MOSCOW KREMLIN. By Arthur Voyce. University of California Press. $10.

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

SINCE most of the bibliography on Russian art and architecture is in the Russian language and access to the original works is impossible to most Westerners, knowledge of this vast field has been as secluded as Russia itself. These two volumes make a considerable contribution, the first through a broad survey, the second through a detailed study of the very heart of Russian culture. Both of them required exhaustive research in Russian publications and a great effort to assemble adequate illustrative material. Both are exercises in objective scholarship, both are primarily descriptive in character, and neither carries the history of its subject beyond the revolution of 1917. Neither, therefore, should attract the attention of our committees on subversion, unless we have reached the point that to manifest any interest whatever in understanding our adversary is ground for suspicion.

Professor Hamilton's survey has, of course, the broader import. The format of his volume is similar to the five others in the Pelican History of Art which have already appeared. Nicolaus Pevsner, the able editor of this great British effort at synthesis, has managed as before to keep the attitude and even the style of his writers in line. The text runs to about three hundred pages, the plates of illustration to nearly two hundred, and there is a good supply of text figures, as well as a map, scholarly notes, a critical bibliography, and an index.

Hamilton begins with the Christianization of Russia in 988 and ends with the ballet decor for Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" (1911) and "Sacre du Printemps" (1913). All the visual arts are included, as far as feasible, with architecture occupying the central place as the matrix of the varied decorative expression. The basic point of view was suggested by Catherine the Great's dictum that "Russia is a European state." As a historian—with generous acknowledgment to his elder colleague at Yale, Professor Vernadsky—Hamilton surveys "the formal structure of a national art." A major demarcation in Russian culture is provided by the return of Peter the Great in 1697 from his first visit to Western Europe. The earlier culture of Kiev and Moscow was thereupon deflected into a direct connection with the West: the sequence of events in the great eighteenth century runs from Peter's baroque to Elizabeth's rococo to Catherine's classicism.

The material contained in Voyce's detailed study of the Kremlin is summarized for the most part in Hamilton's chapters on the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, although the addition of Red Square on the east side of the Kremlin complex and the recent restorations of the

S. LANE FAISON, Jr., is chairman of the Art Department at Williams College.

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Kremlin itself form part of its subsequent history. It contains four cathedrals, two churches, a great belfry, the Grand Kremlin palace, and two smaller walls. It should be thought of as a combination of Acropolis, Capitoline Hill, Hagia Sofia-plus imperial palace, and Carcassonne. More than perhaps any other center of government it was a concentrate of the whole national culture. Its great period began in 1472 when Ivan III married Zoe, the niece of the last Byzantine emperor. A trek of artists and artisans then began from Western Europe as well as from Constantinople. It is not generally realized that in the decades before and after 1500 the chief architects of the Kremlin were imported Italians. Readers who are familiar with Italian military architecture in northern Italy will discover a number of similarities.

Voyce's publication is the first comprehensive study of the Kremlin in the English language. Architecture, decoration, and a fabulous collection of art treasures are all inspected. There are more than a hundred illustrative plates as well as many text-plans, and a map of Moscow in 1610 is used for endpapers.

Theater and Films

Robert Hatch

ON THE face of it, the Scopes trial ought to make an exciting play with a sharp moral for our time. But "Inherit the Wind" (National) is rather leaden business despite the presence of Paul Muni, a notable rabble rouser; and the epic duel between Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan never becomes more than a remote and innocuous tempest in Tennessee.

The authors, Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, have meticulously restated the circumstances of the famous monkey trial: how Bryan, defending the Book of Genesis, won the case in the courtroom, but how Darrow, upholding Darwin, won before the court of public opinion. They are very solemn and prolix about all this, and optimistic to suppose that our hearts will pound as we await the outcome. It requires the tautest writing and most perceptive characterization to build suspense out of an episode that is part of common knowledge, and these authors do not work at that level. Their dialogue is ponderously instructive, and they have caught little more of their two great protagonists than the obvious features of caricature. Of course Muni and his opposite number, Ed Begley, work prodigiously to look and sound like Darrow and Bryan, but it is all surface trappings and gives an effect of two astonishingly diminutive titans.

As for the moral, I am not sure it would have hit the nail on the head even if it had been more effectively presented. Darrow had no legal case, as he well knew, for Scopes was obviously breaking the law when he taught evolution in Tennessee. So, relying on his great name and great showmanship, he made a national joke of the law and a national clown of Bryan, who appears to have died of the experience. It happens that we think Darrow was right—that the people of Tennessee were drunk with Fundamentalist fervor—but the technique he used is an uncomfortable one for the champions of democratic process. The moral of Scopes himself might be something else again, but Scopes is a minor figure in the play—as, indeed, he was at the trial.

IF WE are to have more "evenings" like "All in One" (Playhouse), the theater will have to develop a new kind of technician—the expert programmer. "All in One" is composed of three independent units: a miniature opera by Leonard Bernstein called "Trouble in Tahiti"; a Paul Draper program of dance; and "27 Wagons Full of Cotton," a short play by Tennessee Williams. Each of these items has a good deal to recommend it, but the sum does not add up to its parts, and one goes home feeling somewhat indigestive and undernourished. A good programmer would presumably know how to put together a program better balanced and more harmonious in flavor.

Paul Draper appears after the opera and before the play. He is a tap dancer of peerless brilliance and taste, and the only thing that mars my delight in his elegant virtuosity and charming presence is the suspicion that if he had put away the taps in his youth he might have been a great artist instead of a splendid entertainer. There are those who say that he has raised tap dancing to an art; if that is possible, he has certainly done so. But do serious artists improvise on suggestions called out from the audience?

Bernstein's opera is a small tragedy of suburban incompatibility and inarticulate ennui. It has two main characters, the husband and the wife, sung by John Tyers and Alice Ghostley; and a chorus trio whose job is to close-harmonize a ditty about "that little white house in Scarsdale (or Shaker Heights or Paoli or wherever)" at appropriate intervals in the action. Constance Brigham, John Taliaferro, and James Tushar perform this task with fine satiric understanding of the "intime" style and content.

Satire, in fact, is the salvation of "Trouble in Tahiti." I am no judge of their singing abilities, but Miss Ghostley and Mr. Tyers are both excellent comics and they are each given a glorious solo spot in which to display their talent for mockery. When he tries to cope with the subject of middle-class malaise directly, Bernstein gets a little moist himself.

The performance by Maureen Stapleton and Myron McCormick, with the strong assistance of Felice Orlandi, in "27 Wagons Full of Cotton" is the best acting I have seen this year on Broadway. They create in the small compass allotted to them the illusion of utter and inevitable tragedy. The play itself is a kind of Tennessee Williams synopsis, stripped down to the cruelty, weak meanness, stupidity, and sexual horror that constitute his view of humanity. In this skeleton form the formula is brutally effective theater; the three actors have given it a vitality that is more than theatrical.

"STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND" is the biggest yet. Biggest screen: Vista Vision—wow! Biggest and fastest airplanes: B-36's and B-47's (jet

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bombers)—again wow! The dramatic content, as opposed to the vista content, is exceedingly small: James Stewart loves June Allyson, but the mean old air force keeps them apart. In essence "Strategic Air Command" is a public-relations and recruiting poster for the Strategic Air Command. Everyone in it keeps telling everyone else in it that the stronger and jumpier S. A. C. makes itself, the safer we can all sleep at night. S. A. C. is the unit that will deliver nuclear bombs should that become necessary, and as this picture makes clear, it can deliver them any damn place it wants. Its planes are beautiful and they look invincible; if my memory were shorter my nerves would be quieter.

In "Chance Meeting" the J. Arthur Rank studios have done several things: they spin a chase story a la Hitchcock, they tell a tender love idyl, and they strike a blow for world understanding. It is possible to admire the ambition without applauding the result.

"Chance Meeting" is just plain incredible—in detail, in toto, psychologically, and in fact. The boy works in the code room of the American embassy in London; the girl is the daughter and private secretary of the minister to England from some unidentified country east of the Danube. They persist in talking nonsense over tapped wires, they refuse to understand why their clandestine affair should perturb the security offices immediately concerned, they stammer and swallow when asked the most obvious questions, they are outraged when they are shipped home but elude their guards with devices that will astonish you to the point of exasperation. Then they set sail in a small boat at the height of a gale and presumably drown. The point is not made clear, but representatives from Washington, Whitehall, and whatever that third country is meet on the storm-racked beach to shake hands and heads in mutual shame. Foreign affairs are tough enough without this balderdash.

Records

B. H. Haggin

ROSSINI'S "L'Italiana in Algeri," written when he was twenty-one, is a delightful operatic comedy in the style that is familiar to us in "The Barber of Seville" and rises to incandescence in "La Cenerentola." Angel 3529-B offers a superb La Scala performance conducted by Giulini, with an excellent cast in which Simionato and Valletti are outstanding in beauty of voice and style of singing.

Cetra A-50175 offers, among other things, an early performance by Callas of the aria *Qui la voce* from "I Puritani," in which one hears the full bloom of the extraordinary beauty of the voice she began with, and hears this voice used with less than the extreme intensity and reckless forcing that produce the occasional stridency in *Ah! fors' e lui* and *Sempre libera* from "La Traviata" and *Suicidio!* from "La Gioconda" on the same record. The distentions of these performances are not possible in the finale of "Tristan und Isolde," in which her voice is steady at first but becomes tremulous with the increased intensity later on.

The Cetra *Qui la voce* enables one to hear how much of its bloom her reckless forcing had cost the voice even by the time of the Angel complete "I Puritani"; and the new Angel "La Forza del Destino" (3531-C) provides evidence of additional cost in the tremulous shrillness and stridency of much of her singing. Only in soft passages is the voice still beautiful; and even there sustained notes sometimes wobble. Tucker's tenor is powerful but lusterless; Tagliabue's baritone has lost much of the beauty it had in the Cetra performance of this opera; and indeed the only beautiful and satisfying singing is that of the bass Caselli in two small parts. The performance is paced and shaped well by Serafin.

London's "La Traviata" (LLA-26) offers lovely singing by Tebaldi, good singing by the baritone Protti, dry and tight singing by the tenor Poggi, with chorus and orchestra of the St. Cecilia Academy in Rome. The performance conducted by Molinari-Prandelli is one that slows down the feverish music at Flora's party to Tebaldi's tempo for Violetta's *Ah, perche venni incauta!;* but of that kind of performance it is a good one.

Cetra's "Un Ballo in Maschera" (B-1249) is for those for whom opera is singing, and specifically in this instance the singing of Tagliavini, Valdengo, Tassinari (in the mezzo-soprano part of Ulrica), and two singers new to me—Maria Curtis Verna, an occasionally tremulous

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PUBLICATIONS

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and shrill Amelia, and Maria Erato, a somewhat sharp-voiced Oscar. It is not for those for whom opera includes an orchestral part, and who—recalling the expressively inflected orchestra playing with which Toscanini pointed up every vocal phrase in his broadcast of "Un Ballo" a year ago—will not be satisfied with the perfunctory and insufficiently audible playing of the orchestra of Radio Turin under Questa.

Il mio tesoro and *Dalla sua pace* from "Don Giovanni" and *Tu che a Dio* and *Tombe degli avi miei* from "Lucia di Lammermoor" are sung beautifully by Valletti on Cetra A-50176, with some Massenet arias.

And *Ah! fors' e lui* and *Sempre libera* from "La Traviata" and Nanetta's aria *Sul fil d'un soffio* from "Falstaff" are sung beautifully by Gueden on London LD-9165, with some Puccini.

Epic's "Pelleas et Melisande" (SC-6003) offers the important orchestral part played very beautifully by the Lamoureux Orchestra under Fournet and reproduced so as to be heard clearly with the vocal parts. There is good singing by the tenor Camille Maurane as Pelleas; and the rough baritone of Michel Roux suits the part of Golaud; but the soprano of Janine Micheau—pallid and thin much of the time—is unsatisfying in the part of Melisande.

Bruckner's Te Deum, the one work of his that I find impressive, is performed on Columbia ML-4980 by Bruno Walter with the New York Philharmonic, the Westminster Choir, and a solo group comprising Frances Yeend, Martha Lipton, David Lloyd, and Mack Harrell. Except for the cold and tremulous singing of Yeend the performance is excellent. On the reverse side is the superb performance of Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder" that was issued originally on a ten-inch record—with the singing of Ferrier and the playing of the Vienna Philharmonic under Walter.

Letters

Light on Formosa

Dear Sirs: For your editorial The Price for Formosa Peace, in the February 12 issue, you are entitled to the thanks and congratulations of all United States citizens who want to see decency and humanity given priority in our dealings with other nations. You are right in insisting that the Security Council must work for peace, regardless of pressure put upon it.

Elna, N. Y. RICHARD W. BAUM

More on "Ivan"

Dear Sirs: In his article, How Much for Ivan? in the March 5 issue Mr. Condoide writes that "the average [Russian] citizen's real income has increased little if at all since industrialization began in 1928," and he quotes three statistical studies in support of that statement. It would be pointless to quote studies demonstrating the opposite because the non-economist reader would be faced with an arbitrary choice. But there are simpler ways of establishing the essential facts.

In 1928 the peasants wore birchbark sandals and rag leggings, as every visitor noted. Today, they wear leather boots, as every visitor, including Hearst, is careful to report. In 1928 they wore homespun. Today they wear manufactured clothing. In 1928 the population was entirely housed in pre-revolutionary structures. Today observers remark on the vast new modern apartments, and the enormous housing construction in progress. In 1928, when there were more cattle, the non-kulak majority of the peasants ate meat only on religious holidays, and the 2,000,000 unemployed workers not at all. Today enough meat is marketed to put it on the average city person's table twice a week, and according to all foreign observers the peasants eats better than the city dweller. Today, unlike 1928, all city and many farm homes have electricity, some cities have gas, most cities and collective farms have some form of mechanical passenger transportation, free health facilities cover the nation, and there is education for all.

WILLIAM M. MANDEL

New York

Reporting, Not Criticism

Dear Sirs: Can't the young generation —or "our" generation, as John W. Aldridge chooses to call it—ever afford a smile? His condescension to Malcolm Cowley's light-hearted view of the literary situation (February 19) is as pompous as it is wide of the mark. Cowley's preface states that the book is reporting, not criticism. For Cowley as critic, Mr. Aldridge should turn elsewhere.

New York DANA CHAMBERS

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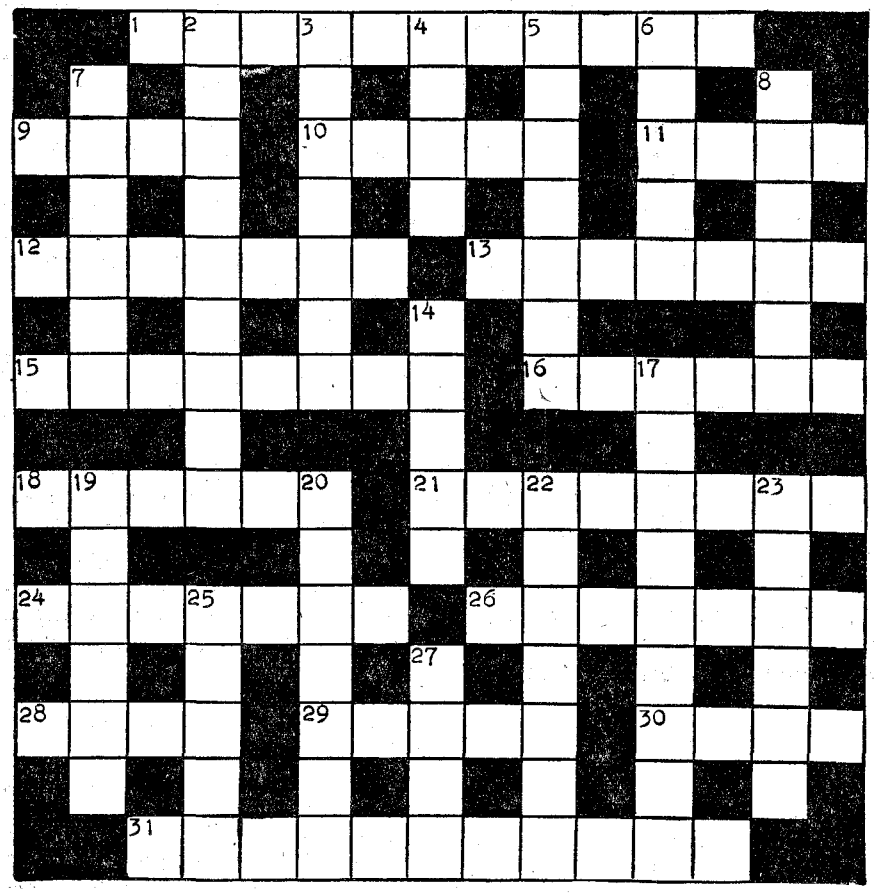
Crossword Puzzle No. 618

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Neither hard nor elastic enough, somewhat like Mr. Bangs. (3-8)
9 and 10 See 11
11 10, 9, 8 down and 28 across Vampire woman. (1, 3, 1, 4, 3, 1, 4, 2, 4)
12 One who makes a test pattern in it, perhaps. (7)
13 Races like skaters? (7)
15 The sort of attitude, if one gets used to it, that describes married people. (8)
16 Six down, perhaps — but a little vicarious experience might. (3, 3)
18 Approachability. (6)
21 See 31
24 What people might get at college, and so on. (7)
26 With the beam out of one's eye, as well? (Saw inside the act, too!) (7)
28 See 11 across
29 Complexion of an un-fussy state. (5)
30 You might think hair a queer thing to show it. (4)
31 21, across, 2 down Evidently the copper ground isn't favored by Gilbert. (1, 10, 3, 2, 3, 1, 5, 3)

DOWN

2 See 31 across
3 Horn might be representative of them and the Red Star. (7)
4 Secure an open spot in the race. (4)
5 One who picks and chooses? (7)
6 The sort of wise man found around a 16. (5)
7 These people are obviously potted! (6)
8 See 11 across
14 This year last month, for example, in full bloom? (5)
17 How to turn a snob into a person who is not necessarily snobbish. (9)
19 Part of the ring that comes up on the tub? (6)
20 Oil acts impassive, obviously. (7)
22 The more you change it, it shows, as a rule. (7)
23 A prose version might still have rhythm. (6)
25 Put steel to hide, perhaps. (5)
27 A group of politicians who sounds fair and square. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 617

ACROSS: 1 and 15 SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE; 9 OSSICLE; 10 IN BRIEF; 11 PUFF UP; 12 REST HOME; 14 HOLDS WATER; 17 UNCO; 19 ADVISEMENT; 22 DIAPASON; 23 ATHENA; 25 ROEBUCK; 26 MULATTO; 27 DOUBLED IN SPADES. DOWN: 1 STOOP-SHOULDERED; 2 GUSTFUL; 3 OF COURSE; 4 TIES; 5 EPIGENESIS; 6 ORBITS; 7 TRIPOLI; 8 DIFFERENTIATORS; 13 LANDLOCKED; 16 TENT-FLAP; 18 CHAPEAU; 20 EXERTED; 21 CASUAL; 24 AMEN.

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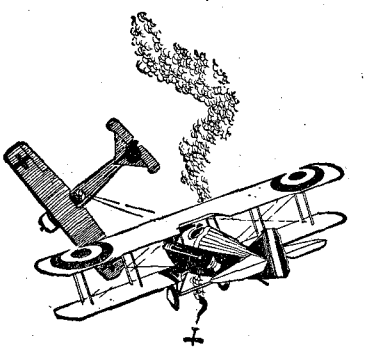
A red-nosed Fokker slowly spun to earth



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